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THE SECOND SERIES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN'S LETTERS.

BY FR. NIECKS.

"ROBERT SCHUMANN'S BRIEFE. Neue Serie. Herausgegeben von F. Gustav Jansen" * (Robert Schumann's Letters, new series, edited by F. Gustav Jansen), is more than a continuation of the "Jugendbriefe von Robert Schumann. Nach den Originalen mitgetheilt von Clara Schumann" (Letters of Robert Schumann's Youth, edited, after the originals, by Clara Schumann), the volume which I reviewed in the July and August numbers of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD of 1886. I say that the second series is more than a continuation of the first, because it does not merely take up the correspondence where the earlier volume broke off (in the summer of 1840, when the composer married Clara Wieck), but largely supplements its predecessor. In passing we may note that the present volume does not entirely consist of new matter, but contains besides as yet unpublished letters also all the letters that had already appeared in J. W. von Wasielewski's biography of Schumann and elsewhere. Herr Jansen divides his collection into three parts : the first comprises the letters of the years 1828-1840 (pp. 3-168), the second those of 1840-1854 (pp. 171-341), and the third those addressed to publishers (pp. 345-388). It is a pity we could not have the additional letters of the first period chronologically arranged with those edited by Mme. Schumann ; and, I think, Herr Jansen made a mistake in printing the letters to publishers separately instead of placing them according to their dates among the other letters. But if I cannot praise the editor for this arrangement, I can praise him most heartily for the helpful foot-notes that here and there accompany the letters, and for the index of names that is appended to the volume. Two things are especially noteworthy with regard to this index, namely, that it applies to both volumes (to the letters of R. Schumann's youth as well as to the new series of letters), and that under the name of Robert Schumann references are given to all the master's compositions mentioned in the letters.

A comparison of the two volumes can lead only to one conclusion : the first volume is the more interesting of the two. It contains the romance of the most romantic of the romantic composers—the dispositions, tastes, sentiments, studies, developments, aims, ideals, friendships, and loves of his youth and early manhood. It deals with the *Sturm und Drang*, the storm and stress, period of his life, which culminated socially in his struggles for and marriage with Clara Wieck, and artistically in the production of his best pianoforte works and a profusion of admirable songs. The second volume adds many valuable touches to the picture unfolded in the first, where, however, alone can be read the story in all the force of its poetic beauty and passionate intensity. But if the second volume lacks this supreme interest, the interest of romance, it is nevertheless very rich in matter of great variety. Indeed, this rich variety of matter, on account of which superiority might be claimed for it, is the cause of its inferiority. For, whereas the unity of interest (comparatively speaking) of the first volume fixes the reader's attention, the manifold interests of the second volume dissipate it.

In addition to the data supplemental to the subjects more fully illustrated in the earlier volume, the first part of the new volume contains many letters to contributors of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* which give a good exposition of Schumann's objects in founding and editing this paper and of his relation to his fellow-workers. The second part owes its preciousness chiefly to the light it throws on Schumann's connection with and appreciation of his contemporaries, on his views on the musical art in general and his own productions in particular, and on the deteriorating condition of his body and mind. As to the third part, the letters to publishers, it is, though by no means destitute of interest, the least interesting one, probably because both the tragic incidents of commercial failure so frequently met with, and the fairy incidents of brilliant commercial success sometimes met with in this kind of correspondence are absent. Further particulars about most of the subjects mentioned in the foregoing remarks will be given in the course of this article, in which I shall keep in view the same object that guided me in my article on the first volume—namely, the fuller

* Leipzig, Breitkopf und Härtel, 1886.

understanding of the writer of the letters as a man and as an artist.

First, then, let us examine further what I called the foundation of Schumann's character—his high-pitched Jean-Paulism. "Alas, that every happy minute kills itself!" "On the return journey *via* Bayreuth I visited, thanks to the kindness of old Mrs. Rollwenzel, the widow of Jean Paul [Richter], and got from her his portrait. If the whole world read Jean Paul it would certainly become better, but also more unhappy—he has often brought me near madness, but the rainbow of peace hovers always gently over all tears, and the heart is wonderfully lifted up and mildly glorified."—(Leipzig, June 5, 1828, to his friend Rosen.) "I shall certainly come to Heidelberg, but unfortunately not before Easter, 1829. I wish you were then still there and that I might revel with you in this beautiful paradise! The pretty pictures, for which I thank you heartily, give wings to my dreams. I have not as yet been to any lectures here, and have worked exclusively by myself, that is, have played the piano, written some letters and Jean Pauliads. I have not insinuated myself into families, and indeed shun, I do not know why, miserable humanity, get out but little, and am sometimes greatly grieved at the littleness and pitableness of this egoistic world. Alas, a world without men, what would it be? A boundless cemetery—a death-sleep without dreams, a nature without flowers and without spring, a dead peep-show without puppets—and yet!—This world with men, what is it? An enormous churchyard of vanished dreams—a garden with cypresses and weeping-willows, a dumb peep-show with weeping puppets. O God—that it is—yea! Whether we see each other again of course only the gods know, but the world is not yet so great that it can separate people for ever, least of all friends. Reunion has never been so long as separation, and we will not weep [?],* for fate has always stopped with its giant fists the mouths of all men, but not the hearts, which love each other more warmly and esteem each other more holily when apart, because they regard each other as invisible, or dead, or supermundane."—(Leipzig, 1828, to his friend Rosen.) After the perusal of these extracts uncertainty in the reader's mind as to the meaning of Jean-Paulism must vanish. His recognition of it as a species of the genus romanticism may likewise be taken for granted. In reading Schumann's letters nothing strikes one so much as the all-pervading romanticism which shapes and colours every one of his thoughts, feelings, and actions. It is impossible to read the letters and to doubt, as far as he is concerned, the words with which he concludes one addressed to his friend Töpkén wherein he speaks of his paper and his contributors to it. "We live now a romance such as has probably not yet been put into any book." Indeed, Schumann's whole life was a romance, or rather let us say, life was a romance to him: he poetised the commonplace and glorified the dull greys of the outward world with the rich glow that shone out from within him. But romanticism such as his is not a mere lying beautifier, it is also, and more especially, a revealer of profound facts, profounder facts than classical art, as a rule, dares or cares to deal with.

Nowhere does romanticism find a fitter sphere, nowhere is it seen to greater advantage, than in friendship and love. Schumann's romanticism in this connection may, however, seem objectionable to Puritans and Philistines, those worshippers of sobriety and conventionality. Such, indeed, was Schumann's reckless disregard of these in their way estimable qualities that his romanticism

may make those would-be monopolists of respectability not only smile and frown in pity, scorn, and anger, but perhaps sometimes even shudder with horror. And yet, though the form is uncommon, the thing itself is unexceptionable. For purity and delicacy were to all appearance—an appearance not falsified by inquiry—undeniably characteristics of this valiant *Davidshändler*, this member of the fraternity of David, the harasser of the Philistines and slayer of Goliath. But it is time that I should leave the abstract and proceed to the concrete. I begin with a letter to his friend Mrs. Henriette Voigt, who was also a friend of Mendelssohn's:—"The behaviour with which—I do not know whether the word is appropriate—I mean the way in which I have often accepted and declined the manifold proofs of your sympathy with my humble self, forms so strange a riddle of polar attraction and repulsion that, with regard to some matters, I should like to place myself already now before you in a more favourable light; but at present the constellations cross each other to such an extent, my life refracts at this moment in such peculiar colours, that I must still remain your debtor for an answer till the time when the circumstances have become clearer and quieter. I tell that to you, my honoured friend, to no one else—if I might believe that the confession of the assurance of my deepest sympathy with all that concerns you could be of some value to you, it would be a comfort to me, though no excuse, as it seems to be inconsistent with the way in which I have shown my sympathy. At any rate, judge me, I pray, gently, if you can! Your last letter is very dear to me. I have read it often, and quietly looked forward with pleasure to the future information which I am to give you on this head."—(Summer, 1834.) Soon after Schumann wrote to the same correspondent:—"Yesterday and the day before yesterday I have thoroughly wrapped myself in myself, so that hardly the tips of the wings peeped out. If a hand had touched me, whisk! I would have started up and flown away in order that nobody might disturb me in my being, thinking, and loving. I have thrown down stones and received in return diamonds, or rather, a new Deucalion, breathing forms of life which the future will develop into more articulate and higher ones. Just what one wishes to conceal is the awkward corner that every one sees. For that it was really Ernestine* (although against her wish) who kept the veil between us I knew that you knew—that you raised it so kindly, and that I now can press behind it the warm hand of a friend, was more than I dared to expect, as moreover every other hand would have been withheld in such a dumb and apparently repellent neighbourhood. Hence, when I had read your letter, I very quietly locked it up and have not read it again, not even now, so that I may take with me into the future the first impression in all its purity. Alas, should a time come which leaves me nothing but these lines I will look them out again and press the shadow of this hand firmly and tenderly in mine."—(August 25, 1834.) Later in the day Schumann began shrewdly a continuation of the letter with the words:—"The foregoing lines must have been written by a girl." My next quotation is a letter written about a month later to the same friend:—"I was so exhausted by the preceding day that a collapse seemed imminent, then came your letter. It touched me like an angel's hand. What a day and a night that was; and this morning, every nerve a tear. I wept like a child over Ernestine's words in the margin. But when I read the other note, my strength gave way. Is it weakness if

* The dots and [?] indicate words that are indecipherable.

* Ernestine von Friecken, a young lady with whom Schumann was deeply in love.

I say this? It is my Ernestine whom I love so beyond all measure, and it is you, Henriette, my beloved friend. You noble ones, what can I offer you for your great kindness? People say that human beings who love each other find each other again on some star which they occupy and rule all alone. Let us suppose this beautiful legend to be a truth. When I wander about this evening I will select a very mild one and show it you when opportunity offers—perhaps also to a fourth. Do not abandon me!"—(September, 1834.) Not to lose ourselves in the cloud-land of rhapsody, we will go back for a moment to the first volume of letters, and see if we cannot find a few hard facts to give us a firm footing. Describing in a letter to his mother the additions to his Leipzig circle of friends, he makes the following remarks about Ernestine von Fricken:—"Ernestine, daughter of a rich Bohemian Baron von Fricken, her mother a Countess von Zettwitz, a grandly pure, childlike soul, tender and thoughtful, attached with the deepest love to me and all that is artistic, extraordinarily musical—in short, just what I should like my wife to be—and I whisper in your, my good mother's ear, if the future asked me the question whom I should choose, I would firmly answer, this one. But how remote is that, and I renounce already now the prospect of a closer connection, however easily I might perhaps attain it."—(July 2, 1834.) Schumann was something of a diplomatist, and the concluding sentences of the foregoing quotation have probably to be regarded as a feeler. At any rate, we find him some months afterwards writing to Henriette Voigt:—"Ernestine has written to me in a state of the greatest happiness. She has through her mother sounded her father. Henriette, he gives her to me—do you feel what that means?"—(Nov. 2, 1834.) In a letter to his mother written about the same time we find the remark:—"Ernestine writes to me every week and a great deal. How she loves me—it is a heavenly happiness."—(October 17, 1834.) And yet, sad to say, this ardent love, this strong passion, which promised to hold good for eternity, had but a short duration. The composer dissolved in 1835 the engagement made in 1834. What was the reason of this rupture? As yet no answer has been given to this question; but this we know: Ernestine von Fricken became in the course of time Countess von Zettwitz, and Schumann married Clara Wieck. Schumann made Ernestine's acquaintance at the house of the Wiecks, where she was staying and studying music. Ernestine and Clara were friends, and the latter was no doubt fully aware of the state of matters between the lovers. Schumann speaks in a letter to Clara (July 10, 1834) of Ernestine as "her friend in joy and sorrow, this brilliant jewel which can never be rated too highly." Of the two ladies Clara was the older friend of Schumann—I mean, the commencement of their friendship dated farther back than that between the composer and Ernestine. In 1834 Clara was still very young, she being born on September 13, 1819; but her personality had from the very beginning of their acquaintance, when she was quite a child, a strange fascination for him. The sources of this fascination were at first chiefly of an artistic nature, but no doubt also in part human. And as she advanced in art to greater perfection, and the girl developed into a woman, she more and more engrossed the musician and man Schumann. From the letters written by him to her (see vol. i.) we may conclude that till 1835 they were friends, and at the end of that year or at the beginning of the next became declared lovers. The substitution of the familiar "thou" for the more formal "you" in addressing each other marks the change. The new state of things is made clear by the following passage in a letter addressed

to Dr. A. Kahlert, of Breslau, where Schumann supposed Friedrich Wieck and his daughter Clara to be at that time:—"To-day I give you nothing musical to decipher and (in order to go without circumlocution straight to the point) appeal to your heart with the urgent request that if you would not serve as a messenger for a few moments in life between two separated souls, you would at least not become a traitor to them. Your word on it beforehand! Clara Wieck loves and is loved in return. You will easily notice it by her gentle, as it were, supermundane ways and manners. Spare me at present the mentioning to you of the name of the other. However, the happy ones acted, saw each other, spoke to each other, and promised themselves to each other, without the father's knowledge. The latter notices it and wishes to take the most violent measures, forbids on pain of death any intercourse—the like has happened a thousand times. But the worst was that he went away; the last news came from Dresden, but we know no particulars. I presume, and am almost convinced, that they are at present in Breslau. Wieck is sure to visit you at once, and will invite you to hear Clara. Now, my most urgent request is that you would quickly inform me of all that concerns Clara: her state of mind, her life, as much as you can learn directly or indirectly, and also that you would preserve as such what I confided to you as a most precious secret and tell no one about this letter of mine, neither the old man nor Clara, nor indeed any one. If Wieck speaks about me, it will perhaps not be in a way flattering to me. Do not let this mislead you. You will get to know him; he is a man of honour, but he is hot-headed. I may yet add that it will be easy for you to gain Clara's favour and confidence as she formerly heard from me, who had more than favoured the lovers, that I was in correspondence with you. She will be happy to see you and regard you accordingly. Your hand, unknown one, whose disposition I credit with so much nobleness that he will not deceive me. Write soon. A heart, a life depends upon it; yes, my own, for it is I myself for whom I plead."—(March 1, 1836.) The whole of the letter, addressed to a man with whom he had previously corresponded, but who was personally unknown to him, is characteristic of the youthful Schumann. Let us not overlook the following short note to his sister-in-law, Therese Schumann:—"Clara is in Breslau. My stars are strangely displaced. May God bring a happy end!"—(March 3, 1836.) But we get, as it were, all his feelings condensed in the words contained in a letter to Ernst Adolf Becker, of Freiberg:—"You can imagine my state of mind; yet I am tranquil and happy in the firm belief in Clara's steadfastness. What a bliss it is to believe, to trust in some one!"—(August 26, 1837.) About six or seven months later he wrote to his brothers Eduard and Carl:—"For a long time I have not been able to write to you with so happy a heart as now. You know what I mean. The old papa will melt little by little, as I know for certain, and one of the most splendid girls the world has ever borne will in time become mine."—(March 19, 1838.) At that time Schumann was dreaming of finding a sphere of action and of making a home for himself and Clara in Vienna. He thought that dream could be realised by Easter, 1839. "Such is my ecstasy that I dare not even look into all these delights!" But his project of settling in Vienna came to nothing, the old papa remained obstinately hard, and the marriage did not take place till September 12, 1840. Although regarding this and much else in connection with the affair the letters contain a great deal of interesting information I shall resist the temptation to quote further from them. Suffice it to say that the marriage proved one of the happiest

ever contracted, so that Schumann, writing to Mendelssohn on Oct. 22, 1845, could say out of the fulness of his heart: "She is a gift from above."

I thought I had done with Schumann's loves; but I find I must draw the reader's attention to an early affection, the object of which, so far as I know, is as yet a mystery. An allusion to it appears in a letter to his friend Rosen. "Latterly I have felt it awfully difficult to leave Leipzig. A beautiful, bright, pious female soul had captivated mine; it has cost me struggles, but now all is over, and here I stand strong, with suppressed tears, and look hopeful and courageous into my Heidelberg blossom-life."—(April 30, 1829.)

The mention of Heidelberg reminds me of another letter, addressed to the same correspondent, which brings out very forcibly an important characteristic of Schumann and his romanticism, namely, his immense capacity of enjoyment—the desire, as it were, to take the whole universe in one voluptuous embrace. No one can fail to find this characteristic again in his music, with its fullness, richness, exuberance, with its depth of colour and swelling lines, with its reach of feeling and gorgeousness of imagination. Of course, it is in the youth of the man and composer that this characteristic reveals itself in all its intensity. But read the following letter, recall the impressions you have received from the master's music, and then judge for yourself. "For a long time it has been to me an enrapturing, animating thought that I might be able to go at Easter to Heidelberg. All the heavens of joy of the blissful life lie spread out before me—the large casks and the small casks, the cheerful people, neighbouring Switzerland, Italy, France, the whole life there, which my imagination paints with Titianesque flame-strokes. It is enough for me to know that out of you, and, in future, my room I shall have before me the Neckar with its vine-clad banks, and, be the room otherwise what it may, this one thing suffices. Your flowers, if they are not faded by Easter, shall, like those of friendship, not wither. If you have now at Heidelberg truly noble people as friends, I would not be disinclined to take your place among them, because I shall not have at Easter any person in Heidelberg who knows and understands me. A melancholy thought—into what hands will chance drive my friendship? However, here I am, better off than ever, were I only not always such a poor, miserable job in money matters. Last semester I led an irregular, disorderly life, though not exactly a dissolute one; but I thought too little of that verse in the *Ideale* [a poem of Schiller's]: 'Occupation that never tires.' The grand, splendid concerts make my happiness complete."—(Leipzig, November 7, 1828.) And read along with these prospective views of Heidelberg life his impressions of Italy, described in a letter to his sister-in-law Therese:—"Just now I saw a most beautiful Italian woman, who somewhat resembles you; then I thought of you and write to you, my dear Therese! If I could only properly paint everything—the deep blue sky of Italy, the swelling, swelling green of the earth; the apricot, lemon, hemp, silk, and tobacco forests—the whole . . . [?] full of charming butterflies and waving zephyrettes; the distant, sturdy, German, sinewy, and angular Alps; and then the large, beautiful, fiery-languishing eyes of the Italian women—almost like yours when you are delighted with something; and then the whole mad, stirring, animated life which is moving, but is not moved; and then myself, when I almost forget my dear Germany, so firmly rooted in my breast, over lyric Italy; and when I look, in a truly German and sentimental way, into the round, luxuriant fulness of trees, or into the setting sun, or into the native mountains, which are still red from the last

kiss of the sun, and glow and die, and then stand cold, like dead great men—ah! if I could paint you all this, you would certainly have to pay twice as much postage, so thick and voluminous would my letter become."

There is one point in the last quotation but one which deserves further illustration, and that point is Schumann's chronic impecuniosity. An anthology from the letters made with that point in view may afford some amusement to the reader:—"The money makes rapid progress, and more than one can make in the lecture-rooms."—(Leipzig, June 5, 1828.) "Were I only not always such a poor, miserable job in money matters."—(Leipzig, Nov. 7, 1828.) "On Monday, May 11, I leave Leipzig for certain; much money I can unfortunately not bring with me, as I have to pay off very many debts in Leipzig. You can perhaps assist me at first; if not, the geniuses will know how to fight their way."—(Schneeberg, April 30, 1829.) "You have not yet learned, good Theodor Töpen, how one feels when one has to ask the landlord's indulgence from fortnight to fortnight, and then has again to come out with the request for prolongation—for you were always in funds."—(Leipzig, August 18, 1834.) His talent for spending money without thought of consequences manifested itself most strikingly on his Italian journey in 1829:—"However infinitely grateful I must be to Eduard [his brother] for having sent me so much money, I nevertheless cannot conceal the fact that I have to do without a great many things, as, on a closer inspection of my purse, I am always confronted by the cursed thought that it will not suffice, and that I shall even have to pawn or sell my watch. May God let it rain ducats! and all tears and letters to guardians and brothers would vanish."—(Brescia, September 16, 1829.) A specimen of his appeals to his guardian must find a place here:—"How much you would oblige me, most honoured Herr Rudel, if you were to send me, as soon as possible, as much as possible! Believe me, a student never spends more than when he has not a penny in his pocket, especially in the small university towns, where he gets as much on credit as he likes. During the last seven weeks I had once for a fortnight not a farthing, and I can tell you candidly that I have never spent so much as just in these seven weeks. The tavern-keepers write down then with double chalk, and one has to pay with *Doppel-Kronenthaler*" [double crown-pieces; a *Kronenthaler* was about 4s. 6d.].—(Heidelberg, March 26, 1830.)

(To be continued.)

CHOIR TRAINING.

BY WALTER BROOKS.

I.—BOYS.

(Continued from page 172.)

THE two greatest enemies of the earnest choirmaster are false intonation and bad pronunciation. The first he will most frequently find on the third and seventh of the scale. These notes are so often sung flat by experienced singers, that a constant watch must be kept over the boys in rising passages, where two whole tones come next each other—e.g., *do, re, mi*, or *sol, la, si*—where the *mi* and *si* are almost certain to be sung flat the first time. If after singing these sentences three or four times they are still not in tune, the only specific is to take each boy separately, and tune him up by himself. Do this with every boy, carefully noticing which are the greatest offenders; then try them again altogether. If still not in tune, take the boys you previously noticed, who very likely belong to the "awkward squad" of the choir, and again apply the same remedy. If this prescription is

carefully followed, a perfect cure may be safely predicted for that day. But the same discipline will have to be enforced, more or less, at every rehearsal. If not, farewell to the finest effect in music—unaccompanied vocal harmony, *perfectly in tune*; farewell to the striking and most effective rendering of those beautiful verses in the Psalms, "I went by, and lo! he was gone; I sought him, but his place could nowhere be found." "The dead praise not Thee, O Lord, neither all they that go down into silence," and many others. "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge," which Handel; that great master of devotional expression, has, in his *Dettingen Te Deum*, set for voices without accompaniment, is another case in point. This, when perfectly sung, is one of the most solemn things in music. Dr. Stainer's popular choral Amen, a portion of which, at least, should always be sung without accompaniment, may also be mentioned. Nothing shows the good taste of a choir-master better than a judicious use of unaccompanied vocal effects; but these must never be attempted, unless your boys have been trained to sing in tune.

In addition to the third and seventh notes of the scale, the music most often sung flat is that written in the minor key, more particularly in the falling cadence *do, si, la*. If the *si* is "flat," the *la* will certainly have a still further tendency to fall, when the minor chord is heard. If the boys sing flat during the service, the surest and least unpleasant remedy is to play their part an octave higher, using the same stops that you were accompanying with before, not putting on a number of loud stops that will drown the other voices of the choir, and raise the curiosity of the congregation as to what is the matter.

In speaking of false intonation, I have, so far, only noticed one side of the subject, the "flat" side. Unfortunately there is another and more painful one to be spoken of, the "sharp" side, which is often more trying still to the choir-master. As the sharp singing often arises from a naturally defective or badly-trained ear, the remedy is not always so certain as in the previously considered part of the subject. In my own experience I have found the greatest help towards making those sing in tune who usually sing sharp, is to never allow them to sing loud, or even *mezzo-forte*, until they can sing in tune *piano*. When this sharp singing occurs during service, it is most distressing, as it generally happens when the boys are singing much too loud for you to be able to cure it by putting on more power at the organ, which would merely make matters worse.

Most teachers have noticed that, when a boy is first asked to sing a second treble part, he at once puts his chin down on his neck, and sings flat. The cure for this is the same as before—play the second part an octave higher.

But to return—how to make or assist a boy to sing in tune who usually sings sharp? The plan I have found most helpful is as follows:—As the boy taking second treble is apt to sing flat, I convert the sharp-singing voice into a second treble by playing any part of the chord except the treble part an octave higher. This will at once give him an inclination to sing lower, and may possibly bring him in tune.

On the importance of true intonation perhaps I need say no more, except to remark on a case which lately came under my notice. All hope of winning the £200 prize at the Eisteddfod was completely lost by some of the competing choirs, owing to their singing so much out of tune in minor passages. Of course the test was a severe one, and the proper band accompaniment being absent made it still more difficult to sing up to pitch. As a last remark—to induce the choir-master to never weary in

his efforts to produce true intonation—I may make the obvious assertion that there is more true music in a tiny pianette *well in tune*, than in the finest concert grand *out of tune*.

Notwithstanding the efforts of School Boards and inspectors, boys will occasionally drop their "h's" and put them in at the wrong place. Who has not heard, again and again, in the *Venite* "Let us 'artily rejoice," &c., and in the *Benedicite* "O all ye 'oly and 'umble men of 'art?" At all costs, such pronunciation as this must be promptly eradicated. Errors of local dialect should also be pointed out. In London "cockneyisms" often spoil the singing of a choir.

As choir-boys are recruited from every rank in life—the same choir often containing sons of the rich and sons of the very poor—the various shades of pronunciation are sometimes very interesting. Some of the boys will make their "i's" so very close that they are almost "e's," others will make them so broad that they become "oi's," as "Thoine is the greatness" in Kent's anthem "Blessed be Thou," and elsewhere. In the Midland counties and in the New England States of America "o" becomes almost "eo," especially in the word "now," which is oftener pronounced "neow." Other similar instances will occur to most people.

It is of supreme importance that every word should be begun and finished properly. Do not be satisfied with the first word, but insist on the first letter of the first word.

When a correction is made boys will nearly always run into the opposite extreme; all exaggeration must be at once corrected, and you may be thankful if you obtain what you want the third time the word is repeated. I heard Dr. Stanford conducting a rehearsal of his *Holy Children*, and although he had an excellent choir in hand, he did not think the "s" at the end of the word "songs" was sufficiently distinct in the passage "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Without the "s" the sentence of course was meaningless and ungrammatical. When the passage was repeated, a prolonged hiss at the end of the word "songs" was the result; and this exaggeration accordingly had to be corrected also.

Other defects of pronunciation are the sharpening of "d" into "t" as in the word "Lord," and the snipping off any word ending with a "t" before the note has been held to its proper length, ending the word with a sharp rap, like that of an auctioneer's hammer.

And now for a word or two on passages that boys at first sing out of time.

Long sustained notes are often taken too slow; and short quick notes too fast. The most striking instance I know, and the one most often heard, is in that magnificent contrapuntal passage of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" to the words "For the Lord God," &c. (This passage is also used in "The horse and his rider;" and in "Non nobis"). Who has not heard the pace slackened at this passage, and at once hurried again when the semi-quavers come in on the "Hallelujah," the voices taking those parts trotting off at a decidedly increased speed, so that at the end of the sentence before "The kingdoms of this world," the voices will be "across" to the extent of a beat at least, unless a powerful instrument or a "steady" conductor be at hand to keep them together?

As it is very little use to find fault without suggesting a remedy, I may add that I have found the following an excellent plan to give boys a good sense of rhythm, and a good exercise in keeping time. When the treble part has some bars rest, I play a bar or two in well-marked time and suddenly stop, some bars before their part comes in; not allowing the least noise with the feet or counting, but only a noiseless beating with the finger. When they

can come in exactly in time, and on the right note, (particularly if there has been any modulation) you may feel quite easy about the work being properly done when it is used for service.

It may be useful to notice how important it is that boys should hold up their heads and sing straight before them, instead of towards the floor at an angle of forty-five degrees. The voice will carry much farther when the head is held well up.

Boys are also very careless about kneeling up properly during the Litany and prayers. They have such an inclination, when not singing from a copy, to lay their heads on one side on the desk, as if their object was to take a comfortable nap. Frequent warnings on this subject will be needful.

To ensure good conduct and regular attendance I adopt the following system: At the beginning of every quarter 120 marks are placed to the credit of each boy. The value of each mark will be in proportion to the amount of stipend received: a mark would equal 2d. to a boy receiving £1 per quarter, 1d. to one receiving 10s. (The boys receive from 10s. to £5 per annum.) The number of marks a boy may lose, and the amount of stipend, are left entirely to the choirmaster, who has the most opportunities of knowing the value of a boy's services and the nature of his general conduct. If a small fine has no effect on the conduct or attendance of a boy, I increase the fine, and send a notice of the amount to his father. This at once appeals to his most sensitive feelings, and he in turn appeals to his son's, so that the result is generally satisfactory all round.

CARICATURE IN OPERA.

BY JOSEPH VEREY.

IN referring to some of the more prominent examples of operatic caricature, it is not necessary to include the hosts of burlesques on popular operas which have occasionally amused the public of late years. Such pieces have little in their composition that can be classed as caricature. They are for the most part made up of music-hall songs and dances, and merely preserve the framework of the originals, with shadowy outlines of the chief characters. Their attractions are mainly of the carnival or pantomime kind, and they have the slightest possible artistic merits.

But at various periods there have been composers who set themselves the task of caricaturing opera seria. They have been musicians of France, Italy, Germany, and England; and it is rather curious that, with one notable exception, more English composers than others have attempted these parodies of serious, sentimental, and grand opera. Italian opera more than any other was ridiculed, especially in the last century; and it is to be noted that, although this form of musical art was supported by such composers as Handel, Buononcini, Porpora, and other first-rate musicians, it was an exclusive kind of musical recreation, and did not appeal to the people generally. There were many reasons for this. First, the libretto, probably founded on some extravagant classic legend, was apart from the sympathies of the ordinary spectator: then the love-scenes were so fantastic, affected, and unreal, and, most of all, the performance of feminine parts by male singers offended the public so that the celebrated writers of the time—Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele—indulged in cutting satire against Italian opera; and not even Handel himself could withstand their ridicule. It was, no doubt, in a great measure

owing to the satire of these and other gifted writers, that an idea got abroad of a form of English opera which, being in the first place written and composed to please the ordinary playgoer, should at the same time castigate without mercy the follies of the school of Italian opera then in vogue. More than one of these productions were brought before the public, but they failed to hit the mark. Even the satirists themselves—as was proved by the failure of Addison's *Rosamund*—found it was a difficult task to compose an opera which should be interesting in itself, and yet a caricature of another form of musical art. It is just to Addison to say that the musician Clayton did his share of the work so feebly that success was not possible. Another poet (Hughes) wrote a sort of caricature of the Italian classic opera. It was called *Calyppo*, with music by Gailliard. This was as unfortunate as Addison's. The satire was too feeble, the music too poor. But a new form of opera was soon to be produced—*The Beggar's Opera*—destined to have great influence on the public taste. The bright and effective libretto of Gay, smartly written as to the dialogue, with characters boldly drawn from the prisons and the slums, and with music making no pretence to be classic, but taken from the popular songs and dances of the day touched up and polished, and accompaniments arranged by Dr. Pepusch, took the town by storm. It was performed in 1728 at Rich's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and soon all London flocked to see this novel kind of opera. *The Beggar's Opera* monopolised everything. It was not only popular for its own sake, but it became the rage. It was talked about everywhere. Pictures, songs, entertainments of various kinds, were founded on *The Beggar's Opera*, but the feature that pleased perhaps most of all was the satire of Italian opera. Here was a hero, a highwayman, with associates of the gaolbird order, and heroines whose characters were certainly not above suspicion. Great writers, like Pope and Swift, commended it; great wits retailed its dialogue; amateurs learned the songs; and from that day until quite recently it was one of the most popular pieces of its kind.

Others, inspired by the success of *The Beggar's Opera*, attempted something of a similar kind. One of the best of these was *The Dragon of Wantley*, produced in 1737. This was a direct and really clever parody of the existing kinds of Italian opera, and its success was very great indeed. The libretto was by an admirable writer—Henry Carey—the author of the still popular ballad "Sally in Our Alley" and other excellent songs. It was set to good music composed by Frederick Lampe, a German musician resident in this country. *The Dragon of Wantley* was an artistic attempt at caricature, and enjoyed great popularity.

At the same period, not altogether uninfluenced by the success of these English works, the *Singspiel* or ballad opera, with spoken dialogue, was making way in Germany. Hiller, a musician of the period, may be named as one of the most successful in giving a definite form to these little works which were afterwards imitated in this country. But in the German pieces the object was less to satire any other operatic forms than to catch the popular taste with a humorous story, introducing pretty songs with an occasional duet, trio, or chorus. Something of a similar kind in France was the result of Rousseau's endeavours; and afterwards in Germany Dittersdorf's pieces of the same character were greatly in vogue. In Italy, Opera Buffa was becoming very popular, but it soon ceased to be a caricature of serious opera; rather, it enjoyed an independent existence, and gradually took an individual form.

But Italian opera was to take new shapes, and to be upheld by great masters. It was not likely to die when such a composer as Mozart breathed the life and inspiration of genius into its antiquated forms. Seizing what was good in the Italian school of his day, Mozart so enlarged its scope, so elevated its style, that caricature ceased. Real lovers of music had too much respect for opera of this kind to encourage ridicule of its manner or matter.

Long afterwards, and when a shoal of feeble Italian composers and idiotic librettists had brought Italian opera into contempt, there arose a musician, Jacques Offenbach, born in 1819 at Cologne, and educated at the Paris Conservatoire, who struck the hardest blows at the absurdities of Italian opera of any modern musician. Offenbach, at first cultivating music seriously, became conductor at the Théâtre Français, where probably the stilted style and mock-heroics of the French classic school of tragedy first suggested to him the idea of ridiculing it in operatic form. Then Glück was also a composer greatly, and with justice, esteemed in Paris; and Offenbach, with his revolutionary musical ideas, combining French gaiety with German earnestness of purpose, conceived the plan of caricaturing these stately pieces in music of the most catching and ear-tickling kind. Grecian heroes and mythological heroines were whirled across the stage in mad gallopadés, and they sang of their woes and adventures in strains which every street-boy in Paris was heard whistling; while the more ambitious songs and the rattling dances were carried by wandering bands and barrel-organs all over Europe. Then he was particularly fortunate in his performers. Only to name Hortense Schneider is to recall the gay days of the Second Empire when kings and princes from every state of Europe came to witness the escapades of the *Grande Duchesse* and the no-less-exciting pranks of *La Belle Hélène*, or that extravagantly droll burlesque of classic opera and tragedy *Orphée aux Enfers*.

But while this wonderfully clever musician, who, had he chosen, might have entered the lists with almost any operatic composer—was striving by burlesque to overthrow all serious forms of opera, he was helping, in no small degree, the downfall of the Second Empire. Caricature, attractive as it ever is, has its dangers. The license of parody is so apt to overshoot its mark, that while the more sedate German musicians could not help laughing at the Parisian travesties, they saw where it was leading its supporters. Offenbach wrote in music with a similar feeling to that of Alfred de Musset in verse. "A short life and a merry one" was the motto of the school. The pace was too fast to continue long. The classic Greek poems had become Boulevard refrains; Agamemnon was a Parisian fop, Helen a belle, not of Troy, but of the demi-monde; the Doge of Venice, with a ballet girl for *vis-à-vis*, recreated himself in the "Cancan;" pagan gods or Christian heroes fluttered to Offenbach's sparkling melodies. But with all this eccentricity, ribaldry, and excess, it could not be denied that there were elements of genuine art in Offenbach's style and method of composition. Théophile Gautier might bitterly protest against what he considered the desecration of Greek art; but the loungers of the boulevards did not care in the least about that. Offenbach's joyous strains, and the dubious stories founded upon classic legends, attracted crowds year after year. Offenbach had taken the life-blood of Italian opera, but what had he given the Parisians in return? The formality of Glück was at least decent and legitimate in its artistic aims.

Of course Offenbach had followers everywhere, and in

some cases very charming works were the result. But Lecocq, Hervé, and others of that school, made no effort to copy the brilliant effects of caricature which had greatly led to Offenbach's success. Suppé, with a lighter touch than is customary with German composers, had to some extent followed in the same path; and, considering what a bright gay little piece *Die schöne Galathea* is, one wonders he had not gone further in the same direction. It is hardly necessary to refer to others writing in a similar vein.

It was reserved for an English composer, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, to enter once more into the same field as his earlier predecessors who had parodied Italian opera in the past. Born in 1842, he won the Mendelssohn scholarship at fourteen, and completed his studies at the Leipsic Conservatoire. Beginning with serious composition, he came before the English public at the Crystal Palace, with music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. This was in 1861, since which time he has been constantly producing new works; but it was probably owing to his fortunate association with Mr. Gilbert that he was first led to adopt the fanciful style which in comic operas has won such universal popularity. Beginning with *Trial by Jury* and *Cox and Box*, it was most amusing to find in such merry bits of nonsense reflections of the modes of great musical masters. Comic choruses of pretty maidens echoed the grave and measured cadences of Handel; whimsical, farcical personages related absurd adventures in musical phrases such as the older masters of Italian opera used for stately Greek heroes or romantic nymphs, while all the old operatic systems were turned completely topsy-turvy. Sedate lovers of oratorio and of the classic school of opera, who had nodded their heads, and tapped their hands from childhood in unison with the tranquil strains of Bach, Handel, Glück, Corelli, and others, shook their heads at first, and were inclined to condemn the good-natured parodies of their favourites. But soon he was forgiven, especially when it was found that the composer was not by any means one-sided in his caricature. He parodied every style and every school. The sombre incantation scene of *Der Freischütz* was exchanged for the spells of the teapot in *The Sorcerer*. The demon huntsman became a modern necromancer trading in "magic and spells" in the unromantic vicinity of St. Mary Axe. Soon, the fairy opera school, such as *Oberon*, was pleasantly caricatured in *Iolanthe*; the spectacular form of grand opera was agreeably parodied in *Princess Ida*—the dash of mediæval effect which, combined with modern ideas, gave such piquancy to Tennyson's original poem, being rendered still more whimsical in the playful satire of Mr. Gilbert, and the mock-heroic music wedded to it so cleverly. Having indulged in caricature of the older composers, this brilliant pair tried the same experiment on more modern works, but it must be confessed with less success, *Ruddigore* being unquestionably less striking than some of the earlier pieces. Not operas alone, but various other styles of music have been parodied in the different comic operas, such as *Patience*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*, the latter one of the greatest successes, and winning credit from no less a critic than Dr. Hanslick. No doubt the composer has taken many a hint in operatic caricature from Offenbach, but the charm of Sir Arthur Sullivan's work is its childlike purity. In all the mirthful series there is not a passage or scene to offend the most fastidious. It is fantastic, but never coarse—piquant but not unclean; and if the brilliant composer and librettist were to concoct something to caricature the follies of modern Italian opera, they would have a wide field for the exercise of their delightful talent.

A MUSICAL TELEPHONE OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

BY STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

(Continued from page 175.)

BEFORE M. Sudre stood on the platform of the King's Theatre concert-room he had given a proof of the practicability of his method at a meeting of the Royal Society of London, being introduced by a flattering letter of recommendation from M. Arago, a member of the Institut de France. The public demonstration is thus described in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*: "M. Sudre opened his lecture by some observations on the nature of language in general, as the means of conveying thought from mind to mind, and then, by a variety of satisfactory proofs, established the applicability of music to this purpose. The audience were supplied with small slips of paper, upon which several ladies and gentlemen wrote sentences. Each sentence was then handed to M. Sudre, who translated it into musical sounds with his violin, while an assistant, so situated as to be within hearing of the sounds but beyond the reach of personal communication, was engaged in translating the music back again into the very words of the sentence. After hearing the music, the assistant wrote down, not the substance, but the exact words of each sentiment on a black-board, in large letters of chalk, and the correctness with which he performed this office seemed to give great satisfaction to the company, and to interest their feelings in behalf of the ingenious inventor."

One of the audience must have been as enthusiastic as Sudre himself, for he wrote—

"*La Téléphone, peut-elle seule être le langage des savants !*"

The writer of the account does not appear to have been so carried away by what he witnessed as to lose his critical acumen. He says :—

"The inventor seems to entertain sanguine expectations of inducing mankind to adopt his system as a universal language, but in this he is attended rather by our good wishes than by our hopes. His more moderate view of applying it to telegraphic communications seems better founded ; though even that appears beset, on the very threshold, by the awkward necessity of securing a fair wind from the weather-office."

If this be somewhat faint praise, it at least acknowledges the sincerity of the operators ; but some scientific gentlemen went away fully persuaded that the whole affair was the result of conspiracy, the more so that a number of active foreigners were observed to place themselves around the platform, and in apparent communication with M. Sudre. That this allegation was unjust was fully proved later on, for a writer in a subsequent number of the *Musical Library* gives an account of a private meeting at the house of a distinguished member of the Royal Society. On this occasion the assistant was placed in an adjoining room, and the door of communication shut. As before, short sentences were written and handed to M. Sudre, who then sounded apparently as many intervals as there were letters in the sentence. When

the sounds ceased, the assistant entered, and immediately repeated the sentence exactly as it was written. Trials were made in English, Italian, German, and Greek, as well as in French, and the result was the same, the assistant showing, by his pronunciation, that although he knew every letter communicated to him, he had no idea of the meaning of words other than those of his own language. This writer goes on to say : "M. Sudre, who does not affect to make any mystery of his art—on which he is preparing to publish—now rendered its principle clear to those who had not already entered into it. He communicated to his assistant, who was then present, a sentence, not by means of his violin, but orally, in the syllables used in France to represent the sounds of the scale. For example, the word AGE, as part of a sentence, was indicated by the syllables *la, sol, mi.*" Now the only thing clear in this illustration is that M. Sudre gave no insight at all into his method, for this same writer adds : "It appears to me that fourteen other letters are represented by means of the seven sharps and seven flats ; thus twenty-one letters are obtained. I also conjecture that each of the few remaining letters is expressed by an interval sounded twice quickly, and that a slight pause after a certain number of sounds shows that a word is completed." Another suggests taking the seven sounds in three different keys would give twenty-one letters—as many as any language absolutely requires. M. Sudre's language was evidently one not easily mastered, and it was generally admitted that it could only be "acted on by two persons of some musical knowledge, and endowed with a fineness and quickness of ear rarely possessed even by professors of the most acknowledged ability." It was also observed that the interpreter could be taught the signs and yet be ignorant of the words he transcribed, and "cypher" messages transmitted with the utmost secrecy. The writer of the first article referred to thus concludes : "We will only add, that this *Telephonic* system is one of the most ingenious contrivances we have witnessed, or that ever has been recorded, but that there is very little probability of its ever being practically applied to any useful purpose."

M. Sudre evidently thought otherwise, and we find him again in London in 1836 ; indeed, he may have remained there all the time. Now, however, he is content to exhibit "between the acts" of concerts, and in this way we find him associated with Mr. Moscheles, May 11 ; Mr. Sedlatzek, May 16, and possibly with others. It is painful to read that he "gave very satisfactory proofs of the capability of his 'universal musical language,' much to the *astonishment* and *entertainment* of the audience !" The inventor was now approaching his fiftieth year, and his darling project had taken up nearly twenty years of his life—and to this only had he attained ! We are beginning, I think, to see reason to beware of the man of one idea.

But, if M. Sudre had no friend at court, he had at least one advocate on the press, and an article in the *Musical Magazine* for 1835 (p. 68) throws so curious a side-light on the subject that it is worth quoting. "If to conceive a new, grand, and useful idea, to carry it at length to the greatest perfection it is capable of attaining, constitute genius, undoubtedly M. Sudre is a man of superior genius. . . . We cannot imagine how it is that the Government, fully sensible of the merits of this excellent invention, has not appropriated it ; and we can affirm, without fear of contradiction, that all who are the friends of national glory, and animated by a spirit of patriotism"—Good, this, in the case of a Frenchman !—"would very unwillingly see a foreign country enriched by this admirable production of genius, after the trouble, research, and

study it has cost its author, and the admirable results it has produced, and is capable of producing, in a thousand important circumstances."

Now, if words mean anything, it can only be inferred that the French Government was content to reward Sudre with praise—a cheap commodity, and "perfidious Albion" was looked to for the more "solid pudding." But we must hear the writer a little further. Anticipating that, from the unpardonable indifference of those alone able to reward his efforts, M. Sudre may reap no personal benefit from his invention, he appeals to the future. "Posterity, on which M. Sudre already has claims, will be more grateful, we feel assured; and, if it has raised a statue to Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, at a later period it will think it right to erect one to the author of 'La Langue Musicale.'"

This fervid appeal does not seem to have led to any substantial result, and Sudre returned to his own country, publishing, in 1838, a brochure in which he embodied the various reports and press notices called forth by his tours. The last improvement in his system was the dispensing altogether with musical sounds, and forming the language entirely of rhythmical elements, in favour, says Fétis, of an unfortunate section of the community, happily small in numbers—those who are at the same time blind, deaf, and dumb. A truly noble idea! But he might have claimed the whole world for patients; for blind and deaf all seemed to the merits of his invention, save in the light of an entertainment. We find Sudre, now well on to his seventh decade, again travelling and giving *séances*, for he appeared at the Hanover Square Rooms in 1852, and we hear of him in Berlin in 1854. Everywhere praised for the ingenuity of his process of "vocal stenography," his great scheme of a universal language is received with respectful incredulity. Ten years later, in 1862, the musical section of the jury of the International Exhibition, London, was called upon to judge of the value of the improved system, and during the *séance* devoted to this object Fétis wrote several phrases, which, read by Sudre, were transmitted by him to the person who interpreted them without any other communication than contact of hands. Sudre was now seventy-five years of age, and his system not yet emerged from the condition of submission for approval! It is impossible to do other than admire the brave old man. He had his grammar and vocabulary ready for publication, but no Government or State appeared willing to purchase. Still, as everything comes to him that waits, reward eventually fell to Sudre. In 1855 the jury of the Paris Exhibition voted him the sum of 10,000 francs, which was paid by the French Government; and on the recommendation of the musical jury of 1862, the same Government granted Sudre a pension for life. But he did not long enjoy this amelioration of his position, for he died on the 3rd of October of the same year.

In the first article devoted to Sudre—*Musical Library*, ii., p. 77—fault is found with the title of his invention, "Telephone," as not being quite appropriate; now, such is the irony of fate, the word is in everybody's mouth, while Sudre and his invention seem entirely forgotten.

By way of appendix, I should like to call attention to what was a marvellous approach to the modern telephone, invented in 1845.

"At one of the last meetings of the Academy at Paris, a plan for a musical Telegraph was exhibited. At each end of the connecting wire there is a mechanism for repeating sounds. The inventors are Dr. Saintard and the engineer Gillet" (*Musical World*, 1845, p. 368). I have hitherto found no further reference to this invention.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

Written by ED. HANSLICK to the Vienna "*Neue Freie Presse*" during the Summer of 1886. (Translated by E. L.)

THE PLAY—GOETHE'S *FAUST* AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE—*THE MIKADO*—SACRED MUSIC—GOUNOD'S *MORS ET VITA*—KEEPING SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

IT is not only the opera but the play too that has lost a good deal of its former splendour. You will find this out on perusing contemporary literature. How devoutly did Lichtenberg, Tieck, Grillparzer, study the English theatre! how copious were their accounts of it! Who would now-a-days bestow on it more than a passing interest? In that well-known book, "John Bull et son Ile," its writer devotes only one extremely meagre chapter to the playhouses of London, although, being a Frenchman, we might naturally have expected him to have a more lively sympathy with the stage. The "Wanderings through London," by Max Schlesinger—two portly volumes—content themselves with a few pages, treating of theatres which stand lowest in the scale. In England the theatre is to no one a subject for serious conversation or of special interest to the educated classes, as in Paris, Vienna, and in every large town of Germany. The one playhouse of serious pretensions, which not only keeps open during the season but almost throughout the whole of the year—ay, the playhouse *par excellence* in London—is the Lyceum theatre. Henry Irving, the manager of it, is considered the first if not the only great tragedian of England at the present time, and is looked upon as the true successor to Garrick, Kemble, Macready, and Ed. Kean. But according to the most trustworthy accounts Irving can hardly be compared with those artists. What an admirer of old Garrick Lichtenberg was (1775)! Every one of his appearances was a feast for Lichtenberg, and he made a study of all his representations. Ludwig Tieck, who visited London in 1817, is by far more reserved in his praises. Being a critic with the temper of a schoolmaster he has even for John Kemble and for Kean, "the hero of the stage of his day," only a qualified commendation; but measured by the rule of Tieck's requirements, they both would still appear to us as artists of eminence. At the time of Grillparzer's visit to London (1836) the play seemed to have gone back some further steps. To the farce alone he concedes a "high degree of perfection." Nevertheless, his sympathy is stirred to the utmost by some of Shakespeare's plays, such as *Julius Caesar* (with Sheridan as Brutus, Macready as Cassius, and Charles Kean as Antonius). During the present season not one single Shakespearean play was performed. What a perversity! In London there should by rights always be two theatres open for Shakespeare, to give his plays alternately. England, justly priding herself upon this greatest of all the great, has produced no distinguished dramatic writer since. Two comedies by Sheridan Knowles (one of them being the *School for Scandal*, which still maintains itself at the Vienna Bergtheater) and, perhaps, Bulwer's half-forgotten emotional play *The Lady of Lyons*—that's all as far as I can see. The fact that none of those distinguished poets and novelists who are a glory to England is writing for the stage goes far to prove how little able English dramatic art has been to wake their interests on its behalf. On the other hand, it is impossible that it can revive as long as English poets keep aloof from the theatre. In 1862 I witnessed several performances of Shakespearean pieces at the Princess's and the Lyceum theatres, and I well remember how unfavourably impressed I was both by the celebrated Charles Kean as *Louis XI.* and by the piece itself. At the Lyceum they have been playing since March or April till now (end of July) night after night Goethe's *Faust*, or, properly speaking, a spectacular concoction

made up of bits from Goethe's poem and called *Faust*. Street-boys came rushing at our carriage, crying out, "The Dreadful Tragedy by *Goeth!*" (Goethe), and forced the English text-book on us. If the newly-founded London Goethe Society, which was opened by Professor Max Müller the other day with an eloquent speech, had any influence, they could not exercise it better than by getting these performances of *Faust* prohibited. To omit coolly some of the chief parts, such as the one of the spirit of the earth, the two discourses between Faust and Wagner (in the study and on the promenade), besides other scenes, may not even be the worst offence. Nor will I look upon scenic absurdities, such as the transfer of Auerbach's wine-vaults to the open square before the church, as the blackest deed. But the addition of whole scenes really exceeds all license. The chief effect of the performance centres in the representation of Walpurgis night on the Brocken, and the audience is made to assist at a journey to the infernal regions with the utmost pomp and circumstance. The scenic monstrosities of the English version—three parts Boito to one part Goethe—make themselves felt not only in this Walpurgis night, which may certainly invite powerful scenic effects. There is the meeting between Mephisto and the student. At the moment when Mephisto, in his doctor's gown, inscribes his name in the student's album, darkness comes over the stage and mournful melodramatic music comes vibrating from the orchestra. With a voice almost stifled by agony the student reads "Eritis sicut Deus," in threatening posture Mephisto stands erect in a flood of red light, and the student, exclaiming his "Ah!" retreats staggering as if before a ghost. A long pause follows; the strains of music increase mightily whilst the two stand motionless, illumined by purple flames, until the curtain falls. In this way the subtle humour of this scene is, for the entertainment of the gallery, transformed into a ghostlike mystery. The whole tragedy is accompanied by a childish melodramatic sort of music. The part of Faust—worse played than by the most incompetent Faust of Gounod's opera—has been reduced by more than half in order to give more prominence to Irving (Mephisto) and Ellen Terry (Marguerite) who are the two best of the performers. They are both talented players, of high intellect, and striking *technique*, but, at the same time, somewhat mannered, and in conflict with German conception. Considering, however, what it means to play the parts of Mephisto and Marguerite night after night for a hundred times, one may justly feel human sympathy with those artists, and look with some indulgence on their mannerism. Scenic art stands on a high level at the Lyceum, and managers of theatres in Germany might learn a good deal there. The decorations are magnificent and appropriate, the optical effects most surprising (although perhaps too frequent). The changes of scenery are effected with extraordinary precision and rapidity, either by being drawn up or by underground machinery; the side-scenes, doubly painted, are turned in an instant. The entire change of scenery does not take more than four or five seconds, and is always accompanied by general darkness, so that every fresh scenery, suddenly lit up, appears before our eyes as if by magic. Other London theatres, too, are reputed for their scenic effects.

I did not care for the excitement of French sensational plays, however well adapted. There was only one comedy, called *The Schoolmistress*, which enticed me to the small but very elegant Court Theatre, situated in Chelsea. This piece, which they call an original comedy in spite of its evidently French nativity, was played in an exceedingly graceful and lively style, and with a decided talent for comical characters. Sullivan's operetta, *The Mikado*,

with the additional title of *The Town of Titipu*, likewise deserves special mention. It represents the greatest success ever achieved by an English dramatic composer. Since its first performance on March 14th, 1885, this comedy has been acted nightly in London up to the present time. Various troupes of actors are visiting the towns of North America with this one piece for their programme; one perambulates Australia, and another, which is still more wonderful, is assailing Hamburg and Berlin. I should never have thought that this comedy, crammed as it is with allusions of a local character, and with specific English jokes, could possibly find success with a German audience. But the fact remains, proving to conviction that a genuine and sound portion of the comic must pervade the plot as well as the music and the performance. And certainly this is the case. It might have been the five hundredth performance of *The Mikado* that I witnessed in the Savoy Theatre; there was an immense crowd present, and everybody, great and small, was laughing heartily. The Savoy Theatre is a modest building situated in a narrow, dark, and steep bye-lane of the Strand. Stepping downwards gradually you actually must feel your way. The moment, however, we have entered the body of the theatre we are agreeably surprised by the unexpected elegance of the establishment, which is lit up by electric light, and we find ourselves almost stupefied by the splendour of costumes and decorations. The fun of *The Mikado* burlesque does not so much consist in the plot, which is laid in Japan, as in the ludicrous figures, which forcibly remind you of King Bobèche and similar characters. The acting is maintained with a drollery as drastic as it is smart, so that we think with astonishment of the numberless repetitions the piece has gone through. Just as in the farce of *The Schoolmistress*, so also in this operetta, did I observe how English actors excel not only in dry comic parts—which would seem to be most in keeping with the English national character—but also in the acting of parts which require extraordinary vigour, nimbleness, and elasticity. Involuntarily one gets reminded that England is the home of clowns. The performer of the principal part, "Ko-Ko," who succeeded in reducing his eyes by means of paint to mere slits, really seems to have watchsprings in place of joints; all the others are moving about him right merrily, and at the same time with the most characteristic vivacity. Three pretty Japanese girls, who always appear together, and every now and then will rush in laughing mirthfully with their heads together, form a most original group, which will for ever find a place in your memory. They raise a genuine whirlwind with the play of their fans, their jumps, and their rapid movements. All of them are very good singers, and the small band accompanies them very ably. The music, on the whole, is of the Offenbach type, but still reminding you here and there of English popular songs and Oriental melodies. You will certainly not find in Sullivan's *Mikado* the melodious wealth, the originality of Strauss or Offenbach, but, nevertheless, an agreeable freshness and a talent for the comical. The choruses, trios, four-part songs, and two fully worked-out finales betray considerable versatility in the composition of vocal music. The influence of the madrigal on all the English composers asserts itself throughout, and the fruits of it are observable also in the operetta. This fact, too, that Sullivan is a trained singer himself—having commenced his career as chorister—redounds now to his advantage, for *The Mikado* does ample justice to all the requirements of the singers. I know that English musicians talk sneeringly of *The Mikado*, and that they treat Sullivan as a renegade, or even look upon him as lost, on account of

WALTER BROOKS' ROMANESQUE.

Allegretto scherzando.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is for piano, marked *mf*. The second system is for piano, marked *mp* and *Quasi Echo*, with a measure rest of 8 measures indicated above the staff. The third system is for piano, marked *f*. The fourth system is for piano, marked *cantando il basso*. The score is in 3/4 time and features a variety of musical notations, including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords.



First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Key signature: three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music begins with a rest in the treble and a bass line. A *ten.* (tension) marking is present in the bass. A *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking appears in the treble. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and an asterisk.



Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The bass staff includes a *f* (forte) marking. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and an asterisk.



Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a *dim con molto* (diminuendo con molto) marking. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and an asterisk.



Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff is marked *espressione*. The bass staff is marked *sotto voce* and includes a *dim* (diminuendo) marking. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and an asterisk.



Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff is marked *p cresc.* (piano crescendo). The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and an asterisk.





tranquillo il basso



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molto rall e dim.

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this "Offenbachism." He certainly had begun under very different colours.

It was in the summer of 1862 when I, during a visit to Jenny Lind at Argyle Lodge, made the passing and not repeated acquaintance of Sullivan. In company with Otto Goldschmidt, I was following a game of cricket played by his children in the garden, when a dark-haired young man joined us, who was presented to me as Mr. Sullivan. "Have your eyes upon this one," whispered mine host; "he will make himself talked of some day." He is by far the most talented of English composers, and has at one stroke become famous by his music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Following on this *Tempest* music, Sullivan published a series of compositions, the value and success of which, however, went on decreasing, and they were totally ignored out of England. He now, together with Mr. Gilbert, a clever libretto writer, gave his attention to comic operettas, and success came back to him again. Thanks to *The Mikado*, he has become a rich man, and out of plain Mr. Sullivan has grown the title Sir Arthur Sullivan. No one will feel surprise at the severe criticism which the desertion of former paths by a once ambitious composer has called forth amongst the brethren of the craft. But, in spite of this, I must maintain that *The Mikado* is, to my mind, by no means such a trivial thing as they are pleased to give out. More than that, I really felt for the first time that an English composer can be merry and melodious throughout a whole evening, without putting aside the trained master of music or making use of artful tricks. Thus did Sullivan attain success in a direction where, notwithstanding moderate pretensions, hardly one English composer has yet succeeded. According to Max Schlesinger's assertion, there are thousands of honest Englishmen, in town and country, who know their Shakespeare as thoroughly as their Bible, but who are utter strangers to the theatre. With the English people the play is scarcely popular, still less the opera. By far more powerful and deep is the influence of the Oratorio, which one almost would feel induced to call the truly national music-drama of the English. Everybody knows the extraordinary reputation and the generous patronage Handel's Oratorios enjoy to this day all over England. Next to them come Spohr's and Mendelssohn's sacred compositions, which are cherished as dear and solid possessions. Unfortunately, there has been no prominent aftergrowth ever since, in the domain of Oratorio. The English are, however, prepossessed to such a degree in favour of this very form of edification, in which love of music and religious sentiment are flowing along united in one stream, that even the far weaker sacred compositions of the present day are received with devotion, and even with enthusiasm. This applies particularly to the two Oratorios by Gounod, called *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, they both being works in which decrepitude of talent is trying to move along on the crutches of sentimental piety. *The Redemption* has been performed also in Vienna, but with as lukewarm a result as the music itself, which makes it very improbable that we shall be treated to *Life and Death* after that.

This second Oratorio of Gounod is written quite in the same weakly consciously innocent style as the former one, and is treated in the same inconceivably plain, monotonous manner, only somewhat more loquacious and more shallow still. I was surprised at the panegyrics pronounced on it by Saint-Saëns. I have no doubt about his honest conviction, nor do I question the sincerity of Gounod, who shortly before had written an enthusiastic eulogy on Saint-Saëns' opera of *Henry VIII*. The personal friendship, however, which unites these two

clever men would seem to have blinded both of them sufficiently to dazzle their eyes constantly with the vision of life (*Vita*) where, in fact, there is death only (*Mors*). I heard Gounod's latest Oratorio under the most favourable conditions: imaginable, namely, on Ascension Day in Westminster Abbey. The pitiless glare of light in a concert-room would have made those saints of Gounod's appear to us as tiresome mummies; in this present case all the hue and warmth they gave forth was furnished by the church. And what a church? Who could enter this majestic cathedral without veneration and reverential awe, bound up as this abbey is with the grand history of this country, being one of the few monuments spared by the Great Fire, and thus, carrying us back into old London! Out of their chapels are looking at us the tombs of the Henrys and the Edwards, of Queen Elizabeth and of Mary Stuart, veiled with the dim sacred light encircling their Gothic surroundings. We pass on towards the middle of the nave. Close to the high altar, with their backs towards it, are sitting the members of the band, and the carved stalls on their right and left are occupied by the singers. Those latter had white surplices on just like our pupils and acolytes. At first I took them for priests, until I observed that some of the bass singers wore martial moustaches. They are lay singers engaged by the church, as in the case of the choristers of our Court chapel in Vienna, but they wear ecclesiastical dress during church service. Their leader, too, who faces the altar when officiating, wears the white surplice with a loose red silk ribbon thrown over his shoulders. All this is in perfect keeping with the requirements of the solemn occasion, and makes a most elevating impression. In St. Paul's Cathedral also the instrumental performers are in the habit of appearing in white surplices on grand days. Gounod's *Mors et Vita* was by no means treated as an independent work of art at Westminster Abbey, for it was made to fit closely into an ecclesiastical frame. Devotion pure and simple does not satisfy the English the moment they find themselves in church. At the commencement, as also at the conclusion of the Oratorio, the Dean of Westminster said a few prayers, and between the several parts he read chapters from the Old Testament. The finish consisted of that indispensable collection of benevolent contributions, followed by the benediction and the Hundreth Psalm, to join in which the Dean earnestly entreats "all the faithful." Similar grand performances of sacred music, assisted at generally by eminent operatic singers, male and female, frequently take place on Sundays in the two Cathedrals of the Established Church (Westminster and St. Paul's), at moderate prices of admission.* Being the only sparks of light in the darkness of an English Sunday, as regards music, they attract a numerous audience, and thus yield a good round sum to the clergy. "And you clergymen, don't you work on Sundays more than any one else?" was the bold question addressed to a clergyman the other day, who branded as sinful all kind of Sunday work. This exception is not without a point. I am not going to tire my readers with a repetition of all those most pertinent remarks, since generations flung against the official and systematic barbarism, which in the name of religion dictates the mode of keeping the Sabbath. Still I take it as the duty of every one describing England, to expose—even in a very few words—this sanctimonious absurdity, that on Sundays all

* Dr. Hanslick is labouring under a strange delusion when he talks of "prices of admission" to St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey on Sundays.—[EDITOR, *M.M.R.*]

recreation should be denied to the working classes: theatre, dancing, music, or other amusements—that the day which all over the civilised world is a day to be enjoyed, should be passed gloomily with penance and prayer (the nobility and middle-classes going to church, whilst the poor *only*, go to the public-house). All this ought by this time to be a thing of the past. Not to speak of the hypocrisy thus fostered by the State, there lies a most tyrannical restriction of personal liberty in this. I was told that Sunday was no longer kept so strictly in London as twenty or thirty years ago. This might be in the private houses of a few liberally-minded families, but it is not at all the case in public. The contrary may even be proved by pointing to the grand "Nobility and Ladies' Concerts" which, towards the end of last century were regularly given on the Sunday evenings, and were attended by all the nobility, wealth, and beauty of London. It is true they could not long hold their own against the outcry of a Puritan press.

Visitors to theatres and concerts are subjected to another curious attack on their vaunted freedom, viz., the express condition of wearing evening dress. We will allow, if need be, the enforcement of this childish regulation in the case of the Italian Opera, which is the fashionable rendezvous of the rich and the great, and let them still obey the rule: "Evening dress indispensable." But by what right can a lover of music wishing to enjoy a Philharmonic Concert for his money, be compelled to appear in dress coat and white cravat? I almost feel induced to put the impertinent question, Can the nation be truly musical which spoils our enjoyment of a symphony by Beethoven by a ridiculous dress-law?

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES AND THEIR MATERIAL.

BY E. PAUER.

GERMAN, RUSSIAN, AND BOHEMIAN COMPOSERS OF
DRAMATIC MUSIC.

(Continued from page 176.)

- 1786—1832. KUHLAU, FRIEDRICH; b. at Uelzen (Lüneburg), d. at Lyngbye (Danemarc). Composer of the operas "Die Räuberburg," "Lulu," "Die Zauberharfe," "Hugo og Adelheid," and "Elvershojen."
- 1786—1868. SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, XAVER; b. at Luzern, d. at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. Composer of the opera "Fortunat."
- 1786—1826. WEEER, CARL MARIA VON; b. at Eutin, d. at London. Pupil of Heuschkel, Michael Haydn, and Abbé Vogler. Composer of the dramatic works "Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins" (1798, not performed), "Das Waldmädchen" (1800), "Peter Schmoll" (1802), "Rübezahl" (not finished), "Silvana" (1810), "Abu Hassan" (1811), "Der Freyschütz" (1820), "Preciosa" (1821), "Die drei Pintos" (not finished), "Euryanthe" (1823), "Oberon" (1826).
- 1788 (1790?)—1844. BLUM (BLUME) CARL; b. at Berlin, d. there. Pupil of Hiller. Composer of the dramatic works "Karl III.," "Das Rosenhütchen," "Der Schiffscapitan," "Canonicus Ignaz Schuster," "Bär und Bassa," "Der Spiegel des Tausendschön," "Gänserich und Gänschen," &c. &c. Blum composed about seventy vaudevilles.
- 1788—1867. AIBLINGER, JOHANN CASPAR; b. (where?) in Bavaria, d. at Munich. Pupil of Simon Mayr. Composer of the opera "Rodrigo and Ximene." Aiblinger was more distinguished as a composer of sacred music.
- 1789—1826. FESKA (FESCA) FRIEDRICH ERNST; b. at Magdeburg, d. at Carlsruhe (Baden). Pupil of Zachariä. Composer of the operas "Cantemira" (1819) and "Omar und Leila" (1823).
- 1789—1830. WOLFRAM, JOSEPH MARIE; b. at Dobrzan (Bohemia), d. at Teplitz. Pupil of Kozeluch. Composer of the operas "Der Diamant," "Hercules," "Der Normann in Sizilien," "Der Bergmönch," "Schloss Candra," "Prinz Lieschen," "Wittekind," "Maja," "Alpino oder die bezau-ber-te Rose," and "Alfred."
- 1790—(?). KINKY (KINSKY) JOSEPH; b. at Ollmütz, d. there. Composer of the operas "Der Fürst und der Rauchfangkehrer," "Lorenz als Räuberhauptmann," "Der Mieths-mann," and "Montag, Dienstag, Mittwoch" (in company with Gyrowetz and Seyfried).
- 1791—1856. LINDPAINTNER, PETER JOSEPH (VON); b. at Coblenz, d. at Stuttgart. Pupil of Winter. Composer of the operas "Timantes," "Die Pflegekinder," "Der blinde Gärtner," "Die Prinzessin von Cacambo," "Die Sternenkönigin," "Kunstsin und Liebe," "Hans Max Giesbrecht," "Pervonte oder die Wünsche," "Das Rosenmädchen," "Sulmona," "Der Bergkönig," "Der Vampyr," "Die Amazone," "Die Bürgschaft," "Die Macht des Liedes," "Die Genueserinn," "Die sizilianische Vesper," "Lichtenstein," "Giulia oder die Corsen," and "Libella."
- 1791—1835. WÜRFEL, WENZEL WILHELM; b. at Planian (Bohemia), d. at Vienna. Composer of the operas "Der Roth-mantel" and "Rübezahl." Würfel was an excellent pianist.
- 1792—(?). SPÄTH, ANDREAS; b. at Rossbach (near Coburg, d. (?). Pupil of Riotti (Vienna). Composer of the operas "Ida von Rosenau," "Elise," "Der Astrolog," and "Omar und Sultana." Details are wanting.
- 1792—1866. HAUPTMANN, MORITZ; b. at Dresden, d. at Leipzig. Composer of the opera "Mathilde."
- 1793—1866. STRAUSS, JOSEPH; b. at Brünn (Moravia), d. at Carlsruhe. Composer of the operas "Armiodan," "Zelide," "Berthold der Zähringer," and "Der Wahrwolf."
- 1793—1859. STUNZ, JOSEPH HARTMANN; b. at Arlesheim (Canton Basel), d. at Munich. Pupil of Winter. Composer of the operas "Heinrich IV. zu Givry," "Caribald," "Schloss Lowinski," and "Rosa."
- 1794—1864. MEYERBEER, GIACOMO (really JACOB MEYER BEER); b. at Berlin, d. at Paris. Pupil of Abbé Vogler. Composer of the operas "Jephtha's Gelübde" (1811) "Abimelek" (1813), "Der Jungeselle von Salamanca" and "Robert und Elise" (not performed), "Romilda e Costanza" (Padua 1813), "Semiramide Riconosciuta" (Turin, 1819), "Emma di Resburgo" (Venice, 1819), "Margherita d'Anjou" (Milan, 1820), "L'Esule di Granata" (Milan, 1822), "Almanzor" (1822, not finished), "Das Branden-burger Thor" (1823, not performed), "Il Crociato in Egitto" (Venice, 1824), "Robert le Diable" (Paris, 1831), "Les Huguenots" (Paris, 1836), "Ein Feldlager in Schlesien" (Berlin, 1840), "Le Prophète" (Paris, 1849), "L'Etoile du Nord" (Paris, 1854; the music of this opera is the same as that of the "Feldlager in Schlesien"), "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" (Paris, 1859), "L'Africaine" (performed after his death).
- 1794 (1793?)—1832. KLEIN, BERNHARD; b. at Cologne, d. at Berlin. Composer of the opera "Dido" (Berlin, 1823).
- 1794—1868. HÜTTENBRENNER, ANSELM; b. at Graz (Styria), d. at Ober-Andritz, near Graz. Pupil of Salieri. Composer of the operas "Armella" and "Leonore."
- 1795—1861. MARSCHNER, HEINRICH AUGUST; b. at Zittau, d. at Hanover. Composer of the operas "Heinrich IV. und d'Aubigné," "Der Holzdieb," "Lucretia," "Der Vampyr," "Der Tempel und die Jüdin," "Hans Heiling," "Der Kyffhäuser Berg," "Saidor," "Des Falkners Braut," "Das Schloss am Eina," "Der Bäbu," "Adolph von Nassau," and "Austin."
- 1796—1869. LÖWE, JOHANN CARL GOTTFRIED; b. at Löbe-jura, near Halle, d. at Kiel. Composer of the operas "Rudolph," "Malekadhel," "Emmy," and "Neckereien."
- 1797—1828. SCHUBERT, FRANZ PETER; b. at Vienna, d. there. Composer of the operas "Die Spiegelritter" (really a Singspiel), "Alphonso and Estrella," "Die Verschwornen" (comic operetta), and "Fierabras."
- 1797—1881. LOBE, JOHANN CHRISTIAN; b. at Weimar, d. at Leipzig. Composer of the operas "Wittekind," "Die Flibustier," "Die Fürstinn von Granada," "Der rothe Domino," and "König und Pächter."

- 1798—1859. REISSIGER, CARL GOTTLIEB; b. at Belzig, near Wittenberg, d. at Dresden. Pupil of Schicht and Winter. Composer of the operas "Der Ahnenschatz," "Yelva" (melodrama), "Libella," "Die Felsenmühle von Etalières," "Turandot," "Didone," "Adèle de Foix," and "Der Schiffbruch der Medusa."
- 1798—1876. DESSAUER, JOSEPH; b. at Prague, d. at Mödling, near Vienna. Pupil of Dyonis Weber. Composer of the operas "Der Besuch in St. Cyr," and "Paquita."
- 1799—1839. RASTRELLI, JOSEPH; b. at Dresden, d. there. Pupil of Poland and Mattei (Bologna). Composer of the operas "La Distruzione di Gerusalemme," "La Schiava Circassa," "Donne curiose," "Vellide," "Salvator Rosa," and "Berta von Bretagne."
- 1799—1866. MARX, ADOLPH BERNHARD; b. at Halle-an-der-Saale, d. at Berlin. Pupil of Türk. Composer of the operetta "Jery und Bätely," and of the melodrama "Die Rache wartet."
- 1799—1870. LVOFF (LWOFF) ALEXIS; b. at Reval, d. at Kowno (Russia). Composer of the opera "Undine."
- 1801—1862. SKRAUP, FRANZ; b. at Vösic, near Chrudim (Bohemia), d. at Prague. Composer of the operas "Drätnik," "Udalrich und Bozena," "Libusin Satek," "Drahomira," "Der Meergeuse," "Columbus."
- 1803—1853. SCHMITT, JACOB; b. at Oberrburg, d. at Hamburg. Composer of the opera "Alfred der Grosse."
- 1803—1851. LORTZING (GUSTAV) ALBERT; b. at Berlin, d. there. Pupil of Rungenhagen. Composer of the operas "Ali Pascha von Janina," "Der Pole und sein Kind" (Liederspiel), "Scenen aus Mozart's Leben," "Die beiden Schützen," "Czar und Zimmermann," "Die Schatzkammer des Inka," "Caramo," "Hans Sachs," "Casanova," "Der Wildschütz," "Undine," "Der Waffenschmied," "Zum Grossadmiral," "Rolands Knapen," "Die Opernprobe," and "Regina."
- 1803—1857. GLINKA, MICHAEL VON; b. near Nowospak, d. at Berlin. Pupil of Dehn. Composer of the operas "Das Leben für den Czar," "Russlan und Ludmilla."
- 1804—1880. KREBS, CARL AUGUST (really MIEDCKE); b. at Nürnberg, d. at Dresden. Composer of the operas "Feodore," "Silva," and "Agnes, der Engel von Augsburg."
1804. LACHNER, FRANZ; b. at Rain (Bavaria). Pupil of Eit. Abbé Stadler, and Sechter. Composer of the operas "Alidia," "Catherina Cornaro," "Benvenuto Cellini."
1804. DORN, HEINRICH (LUDWIG EGMONT); b. at Königsberg (Prussia). Pupil of Zelter and Klein. Composer of the operas "Die Rolandsknapen," "Die Bettlerin," "Der Schöffe von Paris," "Das Banner von England," "Die Nibelungen," and "Ein Tag in Russland."
- 1804—1884. BENEDICT, JULIUS (later SIR); b. at Stuttgart, d. at London. Pupil of C. M. von Weber. Composer of the operas "Ernesto e Giacinta," "Die Portugiesen in Goa," "Der Zigeunerinn Warnung" ("The Gipsy's Warning"), "Der Alte vom Berge," "The Brides of Venice," "The Lily of Killarney."
- 1807—1851. MAINZER, JOSEPH (ABBÉ); b. at Trier, d. at Manchester. Composer of the opera "La Jaquerie."
1807. LACHNER, IGNAZ; b. at Rain (Bavaria). Composer of the operas "Loreley," "Der Geisterthurm," "Die Regenbrüder;" several melodramas, &c.
- 1808—1864. NETZER, JOSEPH; b. at Zams (Tyrol), d. at Gratz (Styria). Composer of the operas "Die Belagerung von Gothenburg," "Mara," "Die Eroberung von Granada," "Die seltene Hochzeit," and "Die Königin von Castilien."
- 1809—1847. MENDELSSOHN - BARTOLDY, FELIX; b. at Hamburg, d. at Leipzig. Pupil of Zelter. Composer of the operas "Die Hochzeit des Gamacho," "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde" (operetta), and "Loreley" (not finished).
- 1809—1878. PROCH, HEINRICH; b. at Vienna, d. there. Composer of the opera "Ring und Maske."
1810. ERKEL, FRANZ; b. at Gyula. Composer of the Hungarian operas "Hunyady Laszló," "Bathory Maria," "Ersébet," "Sarotta," "Bank Bán," "Dósa György."
- 1810—1856. SCHUMANN, ROBERT; b. at Zwickau, d. at Endenich, near Bonn. Composer of the opera "Genovefa."
- 1810—1849. NICOLAI, OTTO; b. at Königsberg, d. at Berlin. Pupil of Bernhard Klein and Zelter. Composer of the operas "Enrico Secondo," "Rosmonda d'Inghilterra," "Il Templario," "Odoardo e Gildippe," "Il Proscritto" ("Die Heimkehr des Verbannten"), and "Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor."
- 1810—1882. KÜCKEN, FRIEDRICH WILHELM; b. at Bleckede (Hanover), d. at Schwerin. Composer of the operas "Die Flucht nach der Schweiz" and "Der Präbendent."
1811. TAUBERT, WILHELM (CARL GOTTFRIED); b. at Berlin. Pupil of Zelter. Composer of the operas "Die Kirmes," "Der Zigeuner," "Marquis und Dieb" (one-act opera), "Joggeli," "Cäsario," and music to "Medea," by Euripides, "Der Gestiefelte Kater," by Tieck, "Blaubart," by the same, and "Das Graue Männlein."
- 1811—1864. SCHINDELMEISSER, LOUIS; b. at Königsberg, d. at Darmstadt. Composer of the operas "Mathilde," "Die zehn glücklichen Tage," "Peter von Szápary," "Malvina," and "Der Rächer."
- 1811—1885. HILLER, FERDINAND (later VON); b. at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, d. at Cologne. Composer of the operas "Romilda," "Conradin," "Ein Traum in der Christnacht," "Die Katakomben," "Der Deserteur."
- 1812—1871. THALBERG, SIGISMUND; b. at Geneva, d. at Naples. Composer of the operas "Florinda," "Christina di Suezia."
- 1812—1883. FLOTOW, FRIEDRICH (BARON); b. at Rentendorf (Mecklenburg), d. at Darmstadt. Pupil of Reicha. Composer of the operas "Pierre et Catherine," "Rob Roy," "La Duchesse de Guise," "Le Naufrage de la Méduse" (parts of it were used for "Die Matrosen"), "Le Forestier," "L'esclave de Camoëns," "Martha," "Alessandro Stradella," "Die Grossfürstin," "Indra," "Rübezahl," "Hilda," "Albin," "La Veuve Grapin," and "L'Ombre."
- 1812—1877. RIETZ, JULIUS; b. at Berlin, d. at Dresden. Composer of the operas "Der Corsar," and "Georg Neumark und die Gambe" (operetta).
1813. MANGOLD, CARL AMAND; b. at Darmstadt. Pupil of his brother, Wilhelm M., and Neukomm. Composer of the operas "Gudrun," "Der Tannhäuser," and "Das Köhlermädchen."
- 1813—1883. WAGNER, RICHARD; b. at Leipzig, d. at Venice. Composer of the dramatic works "Die Feen" (1833), "Das Liebesverbot" (1836), "Rienzi" (1842), "Der Fliegende Holländer" (1843), "Tannhäuser" (1845), "Lohengrin" (1850), "Tristan und Isolde" (1865), "Die Meistersinger" (1868), "Rheingold" (1869), "Der Ring des Nibelungen" (1876), "Parsifal" (1882).
- 1813—1868. DARGOMYZSKY, ALEXANDER V.; b. in the district of Smolensk, d. at Petersburg. Composer of the operas "Esmeralda," "Bachus's Sieg," "Rusalka," "Kosáček" (operetta), and "Kamenyj gost" (not finished).
- 1816—1882. SCHMIDT, GUSTAV; b. at Weimar, d. at Darmstadt. Composer of the operas "Prinz Eugen," "Die Weiber von Weinsberg," &c. &c.
- 1818—1872. ESSER, HEINRICH; b. at Mannheim, d. at Vienna. Composer of the operas "Silas," "Riquiqui," and "Die beiden Prinzen."
1818. GUMBERT, FERDINAND; b. at Berlin. Composer of the (popular) Singspiele "Die Kunst geliebt zu werden," "Der Kleine Ziegenhirt," and "Bis der Rechte Kommt."

(To be continued.)

OUR MUSIC PAGES.

THE "Romanesque," by Mr. Walter Brooks, which this month occupies "Our Music Pages," is one of the most original and beautiful compositions from the pen of this versatile artist that we have yet seen. We shall say no more, but leave the work to the kind consideration of our readers, in full assurance that they will be amply repaid for a careful study of it.

Reviews.

Adagio and Rondo for the Pianoforte. Op. 145. By FR. SCHUBERT. Revised and fingered by E. PAUER. (No. 68 of *Anthologie Classique*.) London: Augener & Co.

SCHUBERT'S Op. 145, *Adagio and Rondo*, is interesting for many reasons—for its charming feeling, its inexhaustible playfulness, its "heavenly length," and its peculiarities of form. In short, it is a work which is Schubert all over, or, in other words, irresistibly attractive. Not that criticism could not discover in it weaknesses and shortcomings if it liked to look for them, and cared or dared to point them out. But lovers are not in the habit of finding fault with the object of their affection. And is not the position of all rightly-constituted musicians to Schubert that of lovers to their beloved? In fact, there are things about which one reasons, and things about which one does not reason. Perhaps Schubert's music is one of the latter.

Allegro grazioso, Op. 18. and *Rondo piacevole*, Op. 25, for Pianoforte. By W. STERNDAL BENNETT. (Edition Nos. 6,051 and 6,052; net, 1s. each.) London: Augener & Co.

THE two adjectives in the titles describe the character of the pieces and that of the composer—*grazioso* and *piacevole*, graceful and pleasing. Bennett may not have fulfilled all the hopes which his early productions raised, but he never wrote anything of which he need have been ashamed, and his best works justify Schumann's unmeasured admiration, tender affection, and high encomiums. If you appreciate delicacy of conception and finish of form, take up these pieces, and you are sure to find in them these excellences. As to the adjectives, they might be exchanged, or both applied to each piece, and nothing incongruous would result from such a proceeding. Indeed, they would form a capital motto for all the master's works—*Grazioso e Piacevole*.

Poésies musicales pour Piano. Par E. HABERBIER. Revises par E. PAUER. (Edition No. 6,180; net, 1s. 6d.) London: Augener & Co.

HABERBIER'S musical poems are not of great depth or of striking originality, but they are pleasing in their matter and effective in their manner, without being exacting in their demands on the performer. The book opens with a Prelude, not of the Dryasdust kind, after which follow a bubbling *Près de la Source*, a peaceful *Gang zur Capelle*, a billowing *En pleine mer*, a tarantelle-like Prelude, a light-winged Scherzino, and a tinkling *Les Cloches enchantées*. Surely a varied and attractive bill of fare!

Jagdstück, Hunting Sketch for the Pianoforte. Op. 181. By F. KIRCHNER. London: Augener & Co.

AN easy, pretty, and cheerful piece, beautifully printed, with a dainty title-page and cover—in short, a *tout ensemble* which leaves nothing to be desired.

Twenty-five Special Studies for the Violin. Op. 24. By FR. HERMANN. (Edition No. 5,660; complete, net, 1s. 6d.; in two parts, each, 1s. net.) London: Augener & Co.

HERMANN'S "Twenty-five Special Studies for the Violin," published in one volume and also in two parts, are a

work of importance, whether we consider them technically or musically. We can practise them and listen to them with pleasure, for they are each and all admirable as compositions. Among the technical matters treated of there are shifting (in *cantabile* and broken-chord passages), agility of the fingers, appoggiaturas and other ornaments, strengthening of the third and fourth fingers, the second position, chromatic scales, double stops, and various kinds of bowing. This is not all that is to be found in the volume, but enough to indicate the richness of its contents. We warmly recommend Professor Hermann's Op. 24 to teachers and learners.

Album pour le Violon et Piano. Arrangé par F. HERMANN. Vol. IX. (Edition No. 7,322 1; net, 2s.)

THE contents of this volume speak for themselves. They do not comprise a single item which we wish away, not a single item in which we do not recognise a dear favourite. Let the reader see and judge: M. Hauser's spirited and characteristic *Ungarisch* (Hungarian), E. Batiste's sweet *Voix célestes*, R. Volkmann's lively and picturesque *Under the Linden-Tree*, Ferd. David's graceful *Minuet*, Wagner's festal March from *Tannhäuser*, and Gounod's bewitching *Sérénade*. Were we right or wrong in saying that the contents speak for themselves?

My Heart, my Heart, it Sorrows. A Song, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Op. 30. By ALLAN MACBETH. London: Augener & Co.

THE words of this song, a translation by John Snodgrass of one of H. Heine's poems, are not easily set to music. It is difficult to avoid monotony where, with the exception of a flash at the end, all is dreamy gloominess. Mr. Macbeth has succeeded in hitting the right note for the expression of the fundamental mood, and has endeavoured to avoid the threatening monotony by varying the accompaniment in the several verses. To the rendering of "I would that he shot me dead" as a muttering with suppressed breath and closed teeth, we would have preferred a sudden fierce outcry, a giving vent to a pain which can no longer be silently borne. But while we unhesitatingly say that the preceding *fortissimo* is not justified by the underlying words, we admit that the words quoted by us present a psychological problem. From what we have said the reader will have gathered that Mr. Macbeth's song deserves his notice: it is superior to the insipid badly-written ballads that flood the market.

Twelve Favourite Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. By F. KÜCKEN. (Edition No. 8,852; net, 1s.) London: Augener & Co.

KÜCKEN, like Abt, was a popular melodist, and as such acquired a well-deserved fame which has not yet faded. It is impossible to say much about compositions of this description, for their good qualities and shortcomings are equally obvious, and analysis and exegesis may therefore be dispensed with. Accordingly, we shall confine ourselves to the easy task of pointing out to the reader the unexceptionableness of the selection, twelve of the most pleasing and best-known specimens of Kücken's minstrelsy—"Gut Nacht, fahr wohl" (Good night, farewell), "Das Mädchen von Juda" (The Maid of Judah), "Ach wenn du wärst mein eigen" (Oh, if thou wert my own), "Maurisches Ständchen" (Moorish Serenade), "Mädele, ruck" (Pretty one, come), &c. &c.

Songs for the Young. 1st Series, 24 Songs (melody only). Tonic Sol-fa Notation. (Edition No. 8,931A; net, 6d.) London: Augener & Co.

SOME months ago we reviewed favourably Mr. Heale's twenty-four songs for one voice and pianoforte accompaniment by Schubert, Abt, Schumann, Gounod, Taubert, Mendelssohn, Reinecke, and others. To-day we have before us the publication of the vocal part (the melodies) in the tonic sol-fa notation, edited by Mr. W. G. McNaught. The success of the old notation edition which, we suppose, induced the publishers to bring out the present one may be safely regarded as a guarantee of the success of the latter.

Twelve Two-part Songs for Female Voices, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Op. 18, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. By HERBERT F. SHARPE.

Songs by the Sea, Twelve Trios for Female Voices and Pianoforte Accompaniment. Op. 25, No. 4 and 5. By HERBERT F. SHARPE. London: Augener & Co.

BOTH the three-part "Songs by the Sea," of which we have already reviewed three numbers, and the first three numbers of the two-part series now before us insinuate themselves by a natural melodiousness and simplicity of harmony. As the texture of the compositions is entirely harmonic, without any contrapuntal admixture, executants have not to grapple with difficulties. We take the liberty of warning the composer against the fascination of ternary time, to which he is in danger of falling a victim. Three of the five songs are wholly in duple ternary time (six-eight), one in triple ternary time (nine-eight), and part of the fifth is in quadruple ternary time (twelve-eight). In aiming at greater independence of the parts and greater variety in rhythm, Mr. Sharpe would be sure to obtain a still greater success than he has done.

Strollers' Society (Dublin) *Series of Quartets for Male Voices*. "To the Stars," by F. KÜCKEN. "The King of Morocco," by F. BRAND. (Edition Nos. 4,849 and 4,850; net, 3d. and 4d. respectively.) London: Augener & Co.

HERE we have another instance of the fact that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. For whilst F. Kücken's "To the Stars" deals with the noblest sentiments, F. Brand's "The King of Morocco" abandons itself to farce with the most unrestrained gamesomeness. But, different as they are, these two part-songs for male voices have each their *raison d'être*.

Bringing Home the Hay. Song. The Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM. Music by A. E. ARMSTRONG. London: Augener & Co.

THIS pretty little ditty, by the composer of the popular song, "Harmony," will be found very acceptable by amateurs who go in for songs of a light and easy character. The compass of the music (C sharp to F sharp) makes it best adapted for a tenor or soprano voice. The engraving of the title-page is exceedingly neat and tasteful.

For Ever True. Song. Words by Mrs. HENRY P. WHITCOMBE. Music by W. C. LEVEY. London: Augener & Co.

WITH a taking title, pleasing melody, and charming words, this song of Mr. Levey's is sure of a kind recep-

tion. The accompaniment throughout is written in arpeggio chords for the right hand, with a very easy bass. The compass is from F to G flat.

Pianoforte Works. By HERBERT SHARPE (No. 7, "Le Pauvre Prisonnier," Romance.) London: Augener & Co.

THERE is less striving after originality in this composition than in some others of Mr. Sharpe's works which have come under our notice. For once the composer deigns to be simple, direct, and forcible. The happy result of this is that he has produced a work which will make a very useful teaching piece. Excellent use is made of the more sombre tones of the pianoforte, and the piece gives altogether much scope for expressive playing. For school purposes "Le Pauvre Prisonnier" is one of the best pieces Mr. Sharpe has yet written.

Petits Préludes et Fugues de J. S. Bach et de W. F. Bach, progressivement arrangés, doigtés et interprétés. Par GIUSEPPE BUONAMICI. (Edition No. 8,011; net, 3s.) London: Augener & Co.

SIGNOR BUONAMICI says, in the preface of the work before us, that it has always seemed to him "that young pianists who have not the advantage of some one to direct their studies seriously and systematically generally attempt Bach's *Clavecin bien tempéré* too soon, and without the necessary preparation," and that he "cannot explain this otherwise than by the absence of a preparatory school." By these considerations he was led to make the present "Collection of little Preludes and Fugues by J. S. Bach, to which are added six little Fugues by his son Wilhelm Friedemann, progressively arranged, fingered, and interpreted for the use of the pianoforte classes of the Raff Conservatoire" (at Frankfurt), and dedicate it to Hans von Bülow, the Honorary President of the institution. For Signor Buonamici thought that it would be "much easier to work at a book conscientiously edited and containing all that is wanted than to search for a fugue here and there, possibly very inaccurately edited, or with old-fashioned fingering and uncertain indications (if any)."

The editor could have stated the case even more strongly, and yet have remained within the bounds of truth. Of course there can be no doubt as to the existence of the want. The mere attempt to supply the want would have been a meritorious action, to have achieved so unequivocal a success as Signor Buonamici has done is no less than a glorious triumph. The slight licenses for which he asks indulgence (transposition of some preludes, &c.) are quite justifiable under the circumstances, and, moreover, conscientiously pointed out. In the thoroughly excellent fingering we notice a few misprints (misplacements of figures), in contravention of the rule imposed upon himself by the editor, that all the figures above the notes—of whatever stave—apply to the right hand, and all the figures below the notes to the left hand. These few misprints are, however, so obvious that they can be easily detected and corrected. Signor Buonamici, a favourite pupil of Liszt's, one of the very best pianists in Italy, who only a few months ago made a most brilliant *début* in London, needs no introduction. What remains, therefore, for us to do is to thank him, and congratulate the musical world, especially the teaching and learning pianistic part, for this royal road to the study and performance of the master of masters' *magnum opus*, *Le clavecin bien tempéré*, and fugue playing generally.

Concerts.

VISCOUNTESS FOLKESTONE'S CONCERT.

AMONG the numerous "new departures" peculiar to this age of progressist tendencies, a conspicuous place in respect of musical art is due to the extensive cultivation of string instruments, more especially the violin, by the fair sex. The first impulse thereto was probably owing to the sisters Milanollo, who, contemporaneously with "little Wilhelmine Néruda," created a sensation in the musical world; and, indeed, no one who has heard those fascinating artists will deny that the violin is of all others the instrument pre-eminently adapted both to the manipulation and emotional display of female performers. That the movement in question is, however, by no means a *spécialité* of this country, appears from the fact that already in 1868 Wagner's most complex overture to the *Meistersinger* was played at sight, without a break, immediately after the first production of the opera at Munich, by the pupils of the Vienna Conservatoire, under the direction of Joseph Hellmesberger, including a large proportion of clever young ladies both in the "strings" and "wind," with female performers even on the exacting French horn and trombone. Although ladies in this country have not yet condescended to the exercise of lung power and facial distortions required by the practice of these last-named instruments, much excellent work has, however, been done by them in the "stringed" section of the "Händel," "Strolling Players," and other orchestral societies, but above all by the Viscountess Folkestone's Band, composed exclusively of the female element, and comprising no less than eighteen first, eighteen second violins, nine violas, nine violoncelli, and three double-basses, in addition to a female chorus of nearly sixty voices. But another distinguishing feature of the concert under notice, given at Prince's Hall on behalf of a deserving charity, was the eminently artistic spirit which pervaded the proceedings, as regards the selection as well as the performance of the music, which might, indeed, serve as a model to kindred societies; for such precision, correct intonation, demarcation of light and shade, piquancy, and *entrain*, have seldom if ever characterised any other instrumental amateur performance, male or female, and rarely been surpassed, as far as the chorus is concerned, in a London concert-room. That a considerable share of such exceptional success is due to the Viscountess Folkestone's devotion to the cause, energy, and excellent conductorship, in thorough sympathy with the intelligent forces under her sway, is a matter of course. It was a pleasure to watch the readiness with which the slightest indication of the *bâton* was followed in such pieces for the band as the march from Händel's "Occasional Overture," Grieg's "Melodies," Op. 34, Alan Gray's "Capriccio," &c., and Marchetti's "Ave Maria," Barnett's "The bride has paced into the hall," and other items for band and chorus. Amongst various vocal soli of more or less merit, F. Moir's song, "The Lark's Flight," was given in an expressive manner by the Viscountess Folkestone, who also skilfully accompanied on the piano Mr. Albert Geloso's refined rendering of some elegant but simple violin pieces. Another interesting feature of the concert was the masterly execution of some exceedingly difficult Hungarian dances by that first-rate amateur violinist Mr. Louis D'Egville, assisted on the piano by the equally clever Miss Evelyn D'Egville.

MR. J. HOLLMAN'S VIOLONCELLO RECITAL.

MR. J. HOLLMAN gave a Violoncello Recital at Messrs. Collard's Pianoforte and Concert Rooms before a numerous and distinguished audience. That this artist belongs (barring just a *souffçon* of the *voix criarde* in his tone, and the occasional display of a somewhat exuberant *forte*) to the very first masters as an executant must be acknowledged by all who are able to appreciate exquisite phrasing, combined with a mechanical execution *à toute épreuve*, such as can indeed be claimed by only a small cluster of living performers on the most difficult of all instruments. But Mr. Hollman's appearance as a composer must have proved an agreeable surprise, even to his most ardent admirers, both as regards fertility—considering that the whole of the instrumental pieces, no less than ten in number, and including two elaborate Concertos, were exclusively from the virtuoso's own pen—whilst in point of quality, anything so charming as a large portion of those two extensive works, as well as some of the smaller morceaux, veritable little gems in their way, such as the concert-giver's Nocturne, Air de Ballet, Romance, Mazurka, Elegie, and Gavotte, introduced on the occasion under notice, has not been heard for some time, speaking of new works, in a concert-room. These pieces should soon become popular—that is, if other *virtuosi* will condescend to play the compositions of a rival artist of as yet unacknowledged standing as a composer.

The reception of Mr. Hollman's performance was throughout of the warmest description, and indeed more than one piece would obviously have been welcome a second time. The charm of this enjoyable concert was further enhanced by a recitation by Mrs. James Brown Potter in a genuinely expressive style, followed by an encore; and Mrs. Moncrieff kindly added, by way of a *bonne bouche*, some songs of her own composition. A word of special praise is due to Signor Bisaccia for the skilful execution of the difficult pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Hollman's concertos, and other solo pieces.

Musical Notes.

MUSIC in Birmingham just now seems to be at a low ebb. With the exception of Messrs. Harrison's Concerts—which for liberal catering may vie with any in the world—musical enterprise in the town is well-nigh dead. Mr. Stockley's concerts, it is true, are beginning to receive public support, after a long and severe up-hill struggle; but they can hardly yet be called an established success. It was announced at the end of last month that the Festival Choral Society would wind up its affairs, having incurred liabilities of more than £300. The Birmingham Philharmonic Union, which under the *bâton* of Dr. Heap used to be such an interesting feature of Birmingham musical activity, gave up the ghost more than a year ago. Both the "Festival Choral" and "Philharmonic" were benefit societies, and their members were principally recruited from the lower middle classes. The Birmingham Musical Association—a fad of the Jesse Collings clique—must be considered largely responsible for the downfall of these two societies. Fortunately, however, for art, this association of "friends of the people, at the expense of other people" has met with the doom it deserved, and "fallen into the pit that it had (consciously or unconsciously) dugged for others."

WE have received a preliminary prospectus of the Triennial Musical Festival, which is to be held at Norwich

on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of next month. The only novelties included in the scheme are Mancinelli's *Isaiah* and Bottesini's *Garden of Olivet*. Of semi-novelties, Saint-Saëns' setting of the Nineteenth Psalm, Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode," and Stanford's "Irish Symphony." Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, Cherubini's "Fourth Mass," Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, and Berlioz's *Faust*, are also set down for performance. Friday morning is devoted as usual to *The Messiah*. A goodly staff of principal vocalists has been engaged, including Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, as heads of their respective departments. Mr. Randegger will again act as conductor. We can only trust the Festival may be as genuine a success financially as it bids fair to be artistically.

REPORT says that Mr. George Henschel has acquired the sole performing right for England, until the end of 1888, of Wagner's newly-found MS. symphony, about which there has been so much talk lately.

UNUSUAL interest attached this year to the meeting of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, which was held at the Albert Hall from the 9th to the 12th of August. The Gorsedds and Eisteddfods of Wales were originally established with a view to foster Welsh national music, not forgetting its language, literature, and industries. Englishmen are principally interested in the musical part of these Eisteddfods. Valuable money prizes are offered to male and mixed choirs for the best rendering of selected test pieces for reading at sight, &c. From these competitions English choirs are not excluded, though it is a sadly significant fact that not one single London choir was entered. The principal contest for mixed choirs of from 200 to 250 voices took place on Wednesday, August 10th, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. A first prize of £200 and a gold medal, and a second prize of £50 were offered for the best singing of Bach's motett "I Wrestle and Pray"; "Wretched Lovers," from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*; and "Come with Torches," from Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*. After a spirited competition, which lasted for four hours, the first prize was divided between the Huddersfield choir and the Penrhyn Arvonian choir, the second being awarded to the Swansea choir.

THE next series of the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts will be held on Thursday evenings instead of Fridays, as heretofore. The season is to commence on November 17th, with a first performance in London of Bottesini's new oratorio, *The Garden of Olivet*. Miss Anna Williams, Madame Trebelli and Madame Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, have already been engaged to appear, and Mr. Cummings will again wield the *bâton*. There are to be six concerts.

WE regret to have to record the death, at a ripe old age, of Mr. W. H. Husk, the well-known librarian of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Deceased was an indefatigable collector of antiquarian music, and an esteemed contributor to musical literature. His unique library is now in the possession of the Royal College of Music.

AT one of its last sittings the French *Chambre* voted a credit of 500,000 francs for the provisional installation of the Opéra-Comique. It was then the intention of the authorities to take over from the present lessee the Gaité Theatre, but as this belongs to the town, the Town Council had a right to interfere, and did effectually interfere. Thus the near as well as the more distant future of the Opéra-Comique is again quite uncertain. M. Spuller, however, promises an early settlement.

WE extract from a report in *L'Art Musical* the following remarks on Gounod's latest work, the *Messe à la mémoire de Jeanne d'Arc*, which the critic says is "written in a severe style, à la Palestrina."—"In banishing from it rigorously modern processes, and drawing his inspiration exclusively from the rhythms and melodic turns of liturgical phrases, the master wished to give to his work an archaic impress in keeping with the gravity of the subject which he had to trace. Let us state first of all—what will surprise no one—that the illustrious chief of the French school has added another flower to his glorious artist crown." After a description of the prelude (*Entrée dans la cathédrale de Reims*), with its effective employment of the unaccompanied voices, the organ, and the eight trumpets and three trombones—which reminds him somewhat of *Gallia*—the critic proceeds:—"The mass proper now begins. The dialogues between the reciters and the unaccompanied choruses of which the *Kyrie* is composed, are in a superb style. Also the *Et in terra pax* is admirable, and the *Sanctus* is treated in a superior manner. It is a pity it is so short. We must particularly point out the *Benedictus*, which is a marvel of feeling, to which the accompaniment of harps imparts celestial accents. This piece of high inspiration and finished form will bear comparison with the best in the religious genre. The *Agnus*, which terminates the work, produces likewise a beautiful effect. In short, this work is certainly one of the most grandiose of Gounod's. The purity of style, the spontaneity of the religious accents, the part-writing for the voices, and the character of serene majesty that reigns from the beginning to the end of the work, assign to it one of the foremost places among the most celebrated compositions of the kind."

MME. OLAGNIER has started the project of afternoon performances, with scenery and costumes, of celebrated oratorios by dead and living composers. And where are the performances to be held? At the Bouffes-Parisiens. If the project will be realised, which seems very doubtful, Haydn's *Creation* or *Seasons* may inaugurate this new departure.

M. ALTÈS, the late conductor at the Opéra, has lost his case against the directors of that institution.

WE give in this paragraph the receipts of the operatic Paris theatres oftenest mentioned in the *Monthly Musical Record*. The figures within parentheses apply to 1885, the others to 1886:—Opéra, 3,122,611 francs (2,812,024); Opéra-Comique, 1,589,065 (1,720,685); Gaité, 1,088,452 (968,820); Bouffes-Parisiens, 720,903 (228,049); Nouveauté, 531,495 (472,188).

M. LAROCETTE has invented an electric apparatus by means of which a metal curtain can be let down in any part of the auditory of a theatre.

THE Belgian ministry has asked the Chamber of Deputies for a grant of 15,000 francs for nothing less than the fostering of native dramatic composition. The Ministers were instigated to take this step by a petition of a number of Belgian composers, who expressed the wish that the Government should bring their influence to bear on the managers of theatres, and assist them pecuniarily, if necessary, in bringing out new operas.

THE French electrician Carpentier has invented an apparatus that notes down what is played on a piano, and another apparatus that causes to be played what has thus been noted down.

VERDI'S *Othello* will this winter be produced at Munich. On the other hand, the production of Wagner's *Die Feen*

has been postponed till next year, when it will be produced, along with the master's other early work, *Das Liebesverbot*, during the exhibition which will then be held in the Bavarian capital. The first novelty promised by the management of the Munich Court Opera-house is the music-drama *Faust*, by Heinrich Zöllner. This work, the words of which are literally taken from Goethe's poem, has also been accepted for performance by the director of the Cologne theatre.

FLOTOW's posthumous three-act comic opera *Die Musikanten* was successfully produced at Mannheim on the 19th of June.

CARL FRIEDRICH SCHMEIDLER, of Kattowitz, is the successful competitor for the Meyerbeer travelling stipend of 4,500 mark (£225).

FRIEDRICH GERNSEIM has finished a symphony in C minor—his third.

CAPELLMEISTER MEYDER, in conjunction with the directors of the Concert House (Berlin), offers several prizes for competition. Three prizes, respectively of 1,000, 500, and 300 mark, for the best symphonies; two prizes, respectively of 500 and 300 mark, for the best melodramas with the words for declamation; and three prizes, respectively of 600, 400, and 200 mark, for the best suites for orchestra.

CAPELLMEISTER MAHLER, of Leipzig, is completing an unfinished comic opera of the composer of *Der Freischütz*. Weber had written of the first act the vocal parts, and here and there some indications of the orchestral accompaniments; of the second act only a single number; and of the third act nothing. Herr Mahler, to whom the libretto was entrusted by a grandson of the composer, has, therefore, undertaken a very arduous, nay, dangerous, task. The director of the Leipzig theatre intends to bring out the work as the first novelty in the coming season.

IN the course of next winter Berlioz's *Béatrice and Benedict* will be produced at Carlsruhe under Felix Mottl's direction.

THE re-opening of the Vienna Opera-house, which was to take place on the 8th of August, had to be postponed, as the newly-introduced electric lighting was not yet in working order.

BARON HANS VON BRONSART, the Intendant at Hanover, has been appointed Intendant of the Weimar Theatre.

HERE are two instances of municipal art-patronage worthy of imitation. The Town Council of Mainz has granted a subsidy of 63,780 mark (£3,189) to the theatre, and 20,000 mark (£1,000) to the orchestra. The Town Council of Bologna offers for competition a prize of 5,000 francs for the best opera.

THE musical world has lately been egregiously hoaxed, and not only the many who have a right to be ignorant, but even the few whose duty it is to know. Well, a little while ago, a French journal, *Le Courrier de l'Art*, printed in its columns what it pretended to be a letter of Richard Wagner's. The publication of an unpublished letter by the Bayreuth master and about Liszt created, of course, quite a sensation. It was at once translated into German, and went through the whole German press. But the wonderful thing about the matter is, that it was reproduced even by that Wagner paper, the *Musikalische Wochenblatt*, and the Liszt paper, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. And yet this pretended letter might have been read in *Eine Mittheilung meine Freunde* (see

"Wagner's Collected Writings," vol. iv., pp. 411-414) any day for the last thirty-five years.

THE Town Council of Bergamo has resolved to erect a monument in honour of Gaetano Donizetti, the composer of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, who was born at Bergamo on November 29, 1797.

THE tenor Frascchini left to his native town, Pavia, the sum of 630,000 francs, two-thirds of which he destined for charitable institutions, and one-third for a subvention of a theatre to be called after him.

VERDI has built, near his native place, Busseto, a little infirmary for the poor, which will be opened on the 9th of October, his seventy-fourth birthday.

THE military authorities in Germany have decided in favour of the introduction of the French pitch into all the bands of the German army. This is a great step towards the attainment of the desideratum of unity of pitch.

SOME NEW OPERAS.—*Liebe macht stark*, by Martin Röder; *Der Pfeifer von Dusenbach*, by Richard Kleinmichel; *Der Hofnarr*, by Ad. Müller. Only the last work has as yet been performed (at the Carl Schultze Theater in Hamburg). R. Kleinmichel, after finishing the above-mentioned opera, set at once to work on a comic opera, the libretto of which is based on the popular play *Anna Lise*.

FROM Paris comes the announcement of the death of the eminent teacher of the piano at the Conservatoire, the much-esteemed and beloved Mme. Massart. To readers of Berlioz's letters her name will be familiar. At Paris died also the journalist Léon Leroy, an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner.

SOME NEW BOOKS.—*Die Musik des griechischen Alterthums und des Orients nach den neuesten Forschungen R. Westphal's und F. A. Gevaert's dargestellt und berichtigt von B. Sokolowsky*. A thoroughly revised third edition of A. W. Ambros's "History of Music" (Leipzig, F. E. C. Leuckart).—No. 14 of *Musurgiana*, by Count Valdrighi, the librarian of the library at Modena. It contains thirty-two biographical notices, documents relative to the eminent *capella* of the Modenese Court, and letters of several musicians—*Hans von Bülow sein Leben und sein Entwicklungsgang*, by Bernhard Vogel.—*Karl Löwe, ein deutscher Tonmeister*, by August Wellmer (Leipzig: Max Hesse).

THE death is announced from Paris of Jules Etienne Pasdeloup, the well-known Parisian conductor of the "Concerts populaires de musique classique." M. Pasdeloup was a musician of catholic views, and did much to popularise the compositions of Saint-Saëns, Bizet, and Massenet. He was in his sixty-eighth year.

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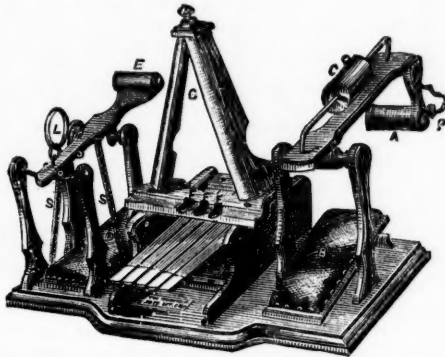
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